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WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1901.

SIXPENCE



THE KING'S NARROW ESCAPE: POOR "SHAMROCK II." AFTER HER LATEST SOLENT MISHAP.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.

THE CLUBMAN.

Sir Alfred Milner—The Accident to "Shamrock II."—The Late Admiral Sir John Commerell—The Trooping of the Colour—Some Distinguished Visitors.

SIR ALFRED MILNER has been welcomed home as a great Pro-Consul should be. To be received by His Majesty the King immediately on arriving in London is an honour accorded to few of our rulers, and Sir Alfred has every right to feel very proud of the welcome which was prepared for him. Few Governors ever left England to take up their appointment with a more enthusiastic "God-speed" than Sir Alfred received when he started for the Cape, and all parties in the Houses of Parliament were represented at the dinner given to him before he embarked. Few statesmen have had wider experience of men and matters than the present Governor of the two new Colonies and the High Commissioner of South Africa. He is a barrister, he has been a journalist, sat for Harrow in Parliament, and was Private Secretary to Mr. Goschen—as he was then—before he made a great name for himself as Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt. He is an author and a Clubman, for he is a member of the Athenæum, Brooks's, the Reform, and the New University.

The English-speaking peoples all the world over—our American cousins as much as ourselves—will be sorry for the series of accidents which has happened to *Shamrock II.*, will sympathise, too, with Sir Thomas Lipton, who seems fated to endure a run of bad luck with his boats, and will rejoice that His Majesty the King escaped any harm on board the new yacht last Wednesday. The King is just as anxious as any of his subjects that the America Cup should return to England; he is an expert in all yachting matters, admires the doggedness with which Sir Thomas is doing all that man can do to bring the coveted trophy back to British waters, and, in going down to Southampton to see the trial, did a great honour to Sir Thomas which will be immensely appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic. The photographs in this week's *Sketch* will give my readers a pretty good notion of the risk His Majesty and all on board ran when the mast and boom and sails came crashing down on the deck. Cool as ever, the King was smoking a cigar, and was prompt to express his relief on learning that no one had been injured.

At the United Service and the Carlton the cheery presence of Admiral Sir John Commerell will be sorely missed, and there is sorrow for the loss of the gallant old sailor at Windsor and the other Royal Palaces, for he was a very popular figure of the Court, and both Her late Majesty and the present King had a great regard for him, as had also the German Emperor, who was always gratified when Sir John was placed in attendance on him during his visits to England. The Admiral was appointed Groom-in-Waiting in 1891, and held the post up to the time of his death. I refer you to an old salt's description in "Small Talk" of how he won the V.C.

The trooping of the colour, which took place on the Horse Guards Parade last Friday—Victoria Day—is part of the ceremony of the presentation of colours, and occurs whenever new colours are given to any corps. Colours, however, can be trooped at any time, and at Dublin, where a colour is carried by the Castle Guard, colours used to be trooped once a week, and probably the custom is still maintained there. The King, as the head of the Army, has the right now to wear any uniform he chooses. As Prince of Wales, he had authority to wear only a Field-Marshal's uniform or that of one of the numerous regiments of which he was Colonel. The uniform His Majesty usually wore was that of the Honourable Artillery Company, which so closely resembles that of the Foot Guards as to be always mistaken for it. Naturally, His Majesty's narrow escape on board *Shamrock II.* caused him to be cheered with special heartiness on his arrival on the Horse Guards Parade on May 24, when his healthy appearance gave general satisfaction.

We are to have in our midst this season two groups of interesting and distinguished strangers, one a Special Embassy from "Emir-al-Mumenire," the "Prince of True Believers," the Sultan of Morocco, and the other the Sultan of Johore and his suite. The Sherifian Embassy comes to congratulate His Majesty on his Accession, and is sent by our very good friend, Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz, who has reigned since 1894, is excellently disposed towards the English, has a Briton as the Commander-in-Chief of his Army, and has lately added some English doctors to his Staff. In order that he may not be accused of favouring one European country to the exclusion of the others, the Sultan has as artillery officers three Frenchmen, two Italians are superintending the erection of a small-arms factory, and the Engineer officers are a Spaniard and a German. The Embassy comes by passenger-steamer; but the Sultan could have, had he so wished, sent it on board a man-of-war, for he has as his Navy the *Bashir*, a cruiser, and two iron passenger-boats.

Just as the Saltee rovers were at one time the terror of the Mediterranean, so the Malay pirates were for many years the scourge of the Straits of Malacca, and the narrow passage of water between Johore and the Island of Singapore was their favourite cruising-ground, for spots are to be found there where the two shores are not gunshot distance apart, and the heavy merchant-ships sailing through could be taken at a disadvantage. When a passage round Singapore was discovered, and steam supplanted sails, piracy in those seas ceased to be the flourishing profession it had been. The predecessor of the present Sultan was made the chief of all the Malay Princes, administering his kingdom as he pleased, the British Government controlling his foreign relations.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The King and the "Shamrock"—The Crystal Palace Naval and Military Exhibition—The Alexandra Palace and the Public—The Surrey Century-Getters—"New Lamps for Old Ones."

WHAT a true sportsman the King is! He is as keen as any sailor-boy on winning back the America Cup, and his enthusiasm nearly led him into a dangerous hole last week. When *Shamrock II.*'s mast and spars went over the side in that squall last Wednesday off the Isle of Wight, the King was luckily on the starboard side, and, as the yacht was heeling over to port, he escaped all injury. But the King had a terribly narrow escape. We all want to "lift that Cup," but, if he is in order, "The Man in the Street" would beg His Majesty not to run any more such risks in future.

Mr. Henry Gillman merits heartiest praise for organising at the Crystal Palace the remarkably interesting Naval and Military Exhibition, which Earl Roberts opened last Thursday as a Jubilee Memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, to which the favourite Pleasure Resort near Sydenham was indebted for its existence in so far as the fairy glass palace is concerned. From Mr. Harry Bates's militant equestrian statue of "Bobs"—which Lady Roberts unveiled—on to the model of the Princess of Wales's Hospital Ship on the other side of the Handel Orchestra and the Ambulance Courts adjoining, this martial show engrosses attention at every turn. When you have paid homage to the loving thoughtfulness of Her Majesty in providing the floating hospital, whose wards are here so faithfully represented that you can realise at a glance what a world of pain must have been alleviated in that vessel of mercy; when similar admiration for noble-hearted Princess Christian and the devoted Red Cross Knights and nurses is evoked by an inspection of the Royal hospital-train and every imaginable variety of appliance and vehicle for the tender care of the wounded on the battle-field; when you have strolled through the side-show wherein are stored the ingenious wooden toys made by Boer prisoners, and have scrutinised the long array of models illustrating the progress of our ships of war and of commerce; when you have marched through the Nansen Arctic Court to the patriotic Picture Gallery—why, then you may be justly excused for pausing to rest awhile in the palatial and comfortable Crystal Palace Club, which is so deservedly popular.

In order not to interfere with the success of the Military Tournament at Islington, the Crystal Palace Management has considerably deferred till the summer the jousts of arms which will be added to the attractions of this brilliant Naval and Military Exhibition. But in the spacious reservoir adjoining the North Tower (in the gardens where such delightful open-air concerts were given in the midst of lamplit parterres and trees of Arabian Nights-like witchery), Mr. Morgan gives two commendably effective naval performances a day—that in the afternoon representing, by means of cleverly modelled warships, the Battle of Trafalgar, and the evening spectacle imaging the Battle of the Nile. In addition to these impressive tableaux of two of Nelson's chief victories, Mr. Morgan brings on the scene a fine fleet of modern Ironclads, gathered to welcome home the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board H.M.S. *Ophir*.

Hearty congratulations to those energetic people who have secured the Alexandra Palace for the use and enjoyment of the public! For years the great building stood, gaunt and repellent, on the northern heights, a bit of a white elephant to London, but now we all hope that our Palace has entered upon a new era of usefulness and prosperity. The Park was opened in 1863 and the Palace was finished in 1875, and since then various attempts have been made to secure the property for the public. Mr. R. M. Littler, Mr. Henry Burt, and Mr. W. G. Crump are the best-known among those to whom the change is due, and to them and to the Duke of Bedford, who opened the Palace and Park, "The Man in the Street" is duly grateful.

There was no doubt about the form of Hayward and Abel at the Oval in the match against Gloucestershire. Between them, they ran up three-quarters of the total of the county in the first innings, with 181 and 111. Curiously enough, Abel made his first century against Gloucestershire at the Oval in 1886, but Hayward did not run into three figures till 1893, when he just scored two hundred against Leicestershire. "The Man in the Street" was well catered for on Whit-Monday, as on that day both Middlesex and Kent opened their season, the former giving us a match with Somerset, and the latter going down to Leyton to meet Essex—so that there was plenty of cricket at both ends of London.

Seeing how tardy many London districts are in adopting the electric light—even in the West-End thoroughfares, which should be radiant of a night—there seems to be a good opening for the Kitson Lighting and Heating Company with their cheap and bright lamps. To Mr. Arthur Kitson is due the credit of inventing this excellent lamp, which is fed by vaporised oil carefully refined. It is far and away less expensive than gas or the electric-light, and it can be used without such common acts of vandalism as pulling up the roads for the placing or repairing of pipes. How strong and pure a light the Kitson Lamps give may be judged any night in Portland Place, which is so clearly illuminated by them that other localities should hasten to adopt them.

“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,” AT THE ROYAL OPERA.

THE COMPOSER AND SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



DR. C. VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., MUS. DOC., ETC., COMPOSER OF
“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.”
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MISS MARIE BREMA (BEATRICE).
Photo by Höffert, Berlin.



MR. JOHN COATES (CLAUDIO).
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. IVOR FOSTER (DON PEDRO).
Photo by Percival, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W.

[SEE NEXT PAGE FOR A REVIEW OF THE MUSIC OF DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S NEW OPERA.]

MUSIC OF THE NEW OPERA, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE ROYAL OPERA.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S new opera was twice postponed owing to the difficulty of finding time for the rehearsals, but is now announced for production at Covent Garden to-morrow (Thursday) night. Fortunately, I have had the advantage of studying the score and of comparing the libretto of Mr. Julian Sturgis with Shakspeare. He has kept as closely to the great poet as the demands of the composer admitted. In no single instance can I discover that the librettist has taken unnecessary liberties with Shakspeare.

The opera commences with a few introductory bars from the orchestra, and the chorus, "Sigh no more, ladies," follows ere the curtain rises.

THE MASQUE IN LEONATO'S HOUSE

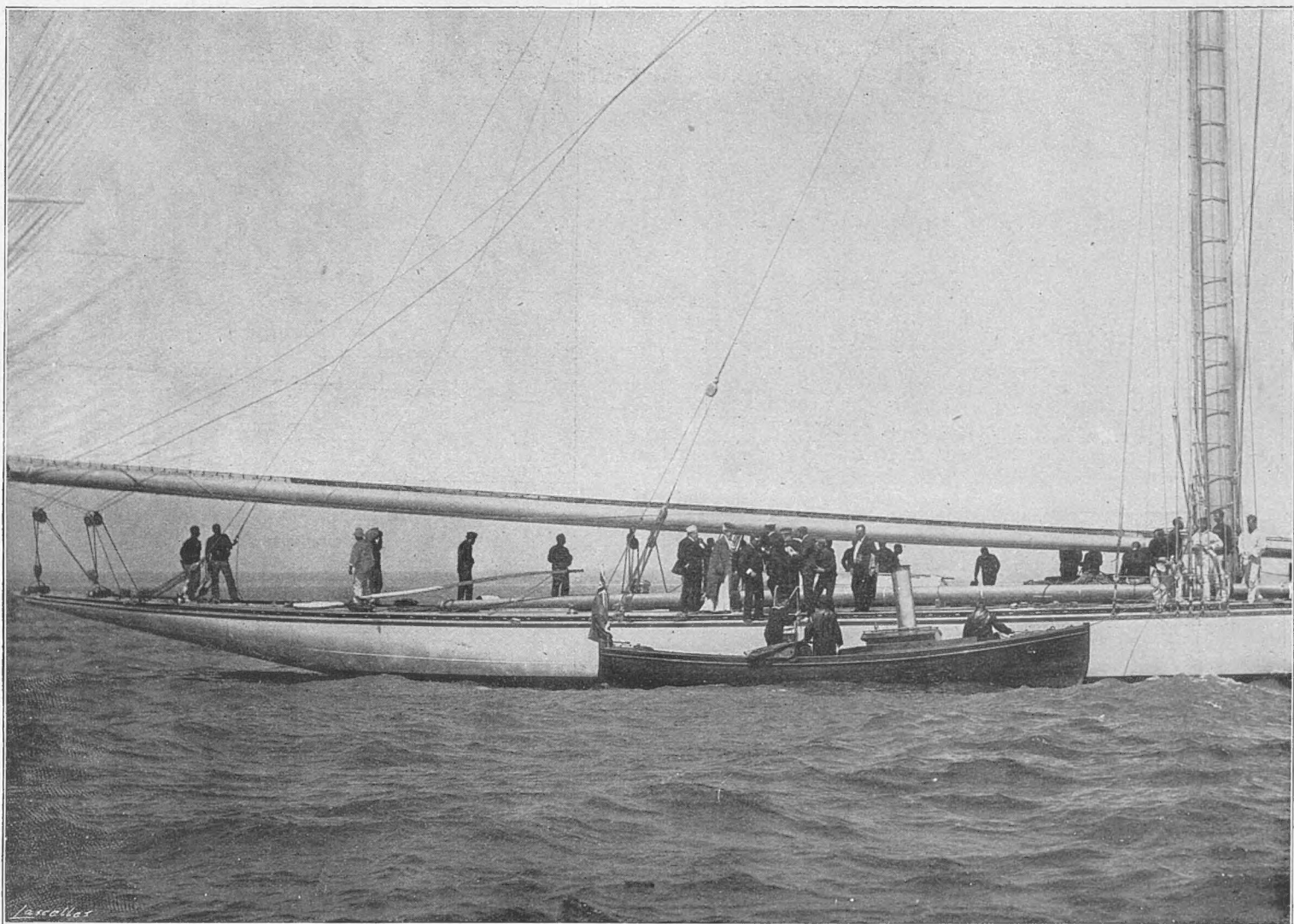
is the first scene, and opens the opera brightly. During the revels, in which Hero is seen as the Queen of Summer, there is a graceful saraband, in which the composer has cleverly caught the spirit of the early Italian musicians. We seem to be listening to a saraband of Corelli or

"An Open Place in Messina" is the place for the action of the fourth and last Act. Here Dogberry is seen cross-questioning Borachio, and the encounter between Claudio and Benedick is interrupted by Don Pedro. Borachio confesses how he has been the means of carrying out the plot against Hero, whose innocence being now fully established leads to the reunion with her lover and brings the opera to a happy conclusion.

It is most gratifying to note

THE NUMBER OF ENGLISH VOCALISTS

engaged in the performance. Miss Marie Brema represents Beatrice, and Madame Suzanne Adams appears as Hero. The choice of Mr. David Bispham, an artist equally excellent as singer and actor, for the character of Benedick was a happy one. Mr. John Coates is the Claudio. M. Plançon is the Friar. But again we find an English singer in the part of Don Pedro, Mr. Ivor Foster being a cultivated student from the Royal College of Music, which splendid national institution also supplies the bulk of the chorus, and the distinguished composer, whose "Shamus O'Brien" gave the musical public so much pleasure. As a means of keeping up what may be called the "Elizabethan spirit" of the new opera, Dr. Villiers Stanford makes a feature of the "Sigh no more, ladies,"



HIS MAJESTY'S CRUISE IN "SHAMROCK II." ON MAY 22: VIEW SHORTLY BEFORE THE SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The King is to the left of the central group, with his hands in his pockets, and Sir Thomas Lipton is in the middle, wearing a white yachting-cap.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBENHAM, COWES.

some other composer of the period, while the morris-dance that follows is as distinctly Old English as the saraband is Italian. A serenade sung by Claudio in Leonato's garden, followed by

A TENDER LOVE-DUET FOR CLAUDIO AND HERO,

supplies the opening music of the second Act, which also contains the scene between Benedick and Beatrice, the style of the music recalling to some extent that of Mozart. It expresses the dramatic situation effectively. The second Act ends with Borachio entering Margaret's chamber, Claudio mistaking Margaret for Hero. In the third Act, the spectacular effect of

THE CHURCH SCENE IS VERY FINE,

the clang of the church-bells, the deep tones of the organ, and the hymn sung by the Franciscan friars making a combination of the most impressive kind, the scene being equally grateful to the eye and the ear. The accusation of Hero occurs here, the broken phrases of the music being quite in accordance with the incident. The scenic effect in this Act is worthy of the reputation of Covent Garden, the magnificent stage and the animated groups thereon making a picture as rich and varied as was ever presented at the Royal Opera. One of the most important musical items is the duet for Beatrice and Benedick, which capitably illustrates the spirit of Shakspeare's delightful scene.

chorus, which he introduces again with the happiest effect. The orchestral portions are the work of a highly cultivated musician, and in the Church Scene Dr. Stanford's intimate acquaintance with the works of old Italian masters of church-music enables him to give the requisite dignity and solemnity necessary to make the scene impressive. I believe this portion of the third Act will command the admiration of all visitors to Covent Garden.

It may interest musical readers to learn that the predominating key of the opera is B-flat.

Miss Florence Dawes gave a recital of pianoforte works at St. James's Hall on the 17th, and proved herself a player of much delicacy and brilliancy of style. Miss Dawes played the old master Scarlatti as well as I have heard that dainty Italian composer interpreted for a long time.

The reappearance of Señor Sarasate at St. James's Hall on the 21st inst. was most welcome, for, although sensational violin-playing is just now greatly in favour, the refined style and exquisitely pure tones of the Spanish violinist is preferred by many—I think, wisely. Señor Sarasate played admirably as ever in Raff's fine Sonata (Op. 78), in Dvorák's Slavonic Dances and some charming pieces of his own composition being greeted with extreme enthusiasm.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S MARIANA.

MANY playgoers will remember the Spanish love-tragedy called "Mariana," without reference to the moated grange, given at the Court Theatre in 1899 by the apparently dead New Century Theatre Society, and recollect Miss Elizabeth Robins' brilliant acting as the heroine. In the revival of the gloomy love-tragedy, at the Royalty Theatre, Mrs. Campbell has put a very heavy burden on herself and her company, since the work is one of wild passion, essentially un-English in character, and it is not quite certain that the piece will appeal to evening audiences, though it has some pleasant little scenes of comedy. Although the acting is in many respects remarkably good, the performance, as a whole, has not quite the necessary fire to hold the house with the tale of Mariana's hapless love for Daniel, between whom and her there is a barrier, not exactly legal or moral, but so horribly insurmountable that, in terror and anguish, she brings about her death and his. That Mrs. Campbell would give a powerful and interesting rendering of the character was certain, but it was doubtful whether she had the physical strength for full accomplishment of what might be called a Bernhardt or Duse task. However, her acting proved to be of fine quality throughout, but, unfortunately, her company, despite its sincere efforts, did not give a satisfactory performance of the exacting play.

Miss Ernestine MacCormac (niece of Sir William MacCormac) will give a concert, under the direction of Miss Alice E. Joseph, on Friday evening, June 7, at Steinway Hall, assisted by Madame Eleanor Cleaver and M. Emil Bosquet, who will then make his first appearance in London, and Mr. Henry Bird. Miss MacCormac gave a very successful recital at the Steinway Hall on Dec. 1, after completing her studies at the Brussels Conservatoire, and she has since made a successful appearance with orchestra at the Queen's Hall.

The Strolling Players' Orchestra, one of the best of our amateur societies, assisted by the band of the Grenadier Guards, gave at Queen's Hall, on the 21st inst., a capital concert in aid of the Princess of Wales's Fund for the Families of Soldiers and Sailors. The favourite tenor, Mr. Hirwen Jones, who is constantly advancing, sang beautifully in Godard's serenade, "Angels Guard Thee." The French tenor, M. Mercier, also succeeded greatly in the fine air from Gounod's "Reine de Saba," which Mr. Edward Lloyd used to sing so finely under the title of "Lend Me Your Aid." Mdlle. Olitzka, from the Royal Opera, and other famous vocalists took part in the concert.

The Strolling Players' Dramatic Company—one of the most meritorious of amateur histrionic societies—gave a notable performance of "The Parvenu" at St. George's Hall on the 20th inst., before a fashionable audience. It was in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and the Honorary Treasurer had the satisfaction of announcing that upwards of £155 had been taken for this deserving charity. The wife of the Minister for War, the Hon. Hilda Brodrick, Lady Raglan, and Mrs. John Denison Pender were among the zealous promoters of this successful charitable performance.

A new testing-station was opened last week at Westbourne Lodge, Porchester Road, Bayswater, by the British Fire Prevention Committee, a body of scientific gentlemen—Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, the well-known architect, being the Chairman—who, ever since the great Cripplegate fire, have been carrying out experiments in order to ascertain the best means of rendering buildings fire proof. Last Wednesday the tests were of the severest kind, and gave the distinguished company assembled the greatest satisfaction.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Court at Windsor.

Although the fact that there will be no Fourth of June celebrations at Eton this year is a sad blow to the Royal Borough, Windsor now rejoices in the presence of their Majesties, who are expected to stay there till the second week in June. The Castle is being gradually quite transformed, and it is said that many people in Windsor who thought themselves quite familiar with the splendid home of British Royalty have had to

admit that there were many apartments of which they did not even know the existence. Few of those who look up at the stately pile as they glide down the great highway flowing beneath the Castle walls realise the extraordinary size of King Edward's stately home. It is said that, under Louis XIV., four thousand people lived in the Palace of Versailles; but Windsor Castle is very much larger than its French equivalent, and even the late Sovereign had not been into every room.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, busy and overwhelmed with work as they must now be, yet found



THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND WHEN LADY CATHERINE LUCY STANHOPE, One of Queen Victoria's Bridesmaids, Bride of Lord Dalmeny, and Lord Rosebery's Mother.

time on May 19 to forward a contribution to Lord Kitchener's Winter Clothing and Comforts Fund. Now that the first burst of military enthusiasm has passed by, many people have unconsciously relaxed their efforts on behalf of those of our soldiers still carrying on the War in South Africa, and yet never were comforts more required than at the present time. I am able to state, on the highest authority, that Queen Alexandra feels this state of things very acutely, and that she has been and is doing all in her power to remedy it. Every kind of winter clothing is acceptable, but warm vests and good socks are really most required, especially the latter, for the possession of two or three good pairs practically prevents the awful foot-sores which are one of the greatest of the minor miseries with which "Tommy" has to contend while at "the Front." Though Parliament votes money by the million, private benefactions are still as necessary as ever.

Alexandra Avenue, Melbourne.

The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin must have been very apparent when the Duke of Cornwall and York formally opened the fine new street in the Australasian Capital, naming it "Alexandra Avenue," after his "beloved mother." The Queen has always been the most tender and devoted of parents to her children, from the days when her greatest delight consisted in bathing them as babies to a touching interest in the joys and sorrows of their maturer lives. The late Sovereign is well known to have been a strict mother; not so the Princess of Wales—her one aim, both at Sandringham and Marlborough House, was ever to make her children perfectly happy, and it must be admitted that her system has been admirably successful, for their Majesties' children have repaid the affection lavished on them with the most heartfelt love and devotion.

Loyal Queensland.

The Royal tour is being even more brilliantly successful than was hoped by the most optimistic of loyal Colonists, and Brisbane on Monday, May 20, gave the Duke of Cornwall and York and his gracious Consort a true Queensland welcome. This is the more striking when it is remembered that the good people there are feeling somewhat sore at the change of programme which deprived the city of the joy of seeing the *Ophir* anchored in her historic Bay. The Duchess, who, it was noticed, was looking remarkably well, was exceedingly delighted with a curious and original triumphal arch of which the most striking features were aboriginal native warriors, arrayed in full war-paint, standing in niches specially arranged, the whole being supposed to represent early bush-life in Queensland. Their Royal Highnesses much enjoy the fact that children play so great a part in the welcome everywhere accorded to them. The little boys and girls of Brisbane have been practising for months past with a view to the great day, and singing, by five thousand tuneful mites, of the dear old "home" airs greatly touched the Duke and Duchess.

The late Duchess of Cleveland.

In the venerable Duchess of Cleveland passes away one of the most brilliant and fascinating of Early Victorian personalities. At the ripe age of eighty-two, her Grace expired on May 18 at Wiesbaden of heart-disease. Had she lived but a few months longer, she would have formed one of the extremely small group of people at King Edward's Coronation who were present in the Abbey when Queen Victoria was crowned. The then Lady Catherine Lucy Stanhope, almost to a day the contemporary of the maiden Queen, acted as one of her train-bearers. Two years later she was the first of Queen Victoria's youthful and beautiful friends who were asked to form one of the bridal train. Now, only one of the late Monarch's bridesmaids, Lady Jane Ellice, is still living.

The Mother of Lord Rosebery.

A touching and ardent affection bound together the Earl of Rosebery and his venerable mother, the late Duchess of Cleveland. Lady Wilhelmina's marriage to the then Lord Dalmeny took place nearly four years after that of the Queen and Prince Albert. Seven years later she was left a widow, with two sons and two daughters. To her young children she devoted herself entirely, spending much time at her eldest son's Scottish seat, and herself superintending his studies. By her second marriage, which took place in 1854, she had no children, but Lord Harry Vane (afterwards Duke of Cleveland) proved a kind and judicious step-father, mourning sincerely with his wife the premature death of her second son, the gifted Colonel Everard Primrose, in 1885.

A Pretty Story.

The Duchess of Cleveland was very much attached to her two motherless granddaughters, the Ladies Primrose, and specially delighted in Lady "Peggy's" quick wit. Shortly before the latter's marriage to Lord Crewe, seeing her father talking to his mother on the one side and to Mrs. Asquith on the other, she exclaimed, "Look at Papa sitting between the last century and the next!" The Duchess of Cleveland literally adored her beautiful historic home, Battle Abbey, and in a work published by her she attempted to give a complete list of those Norman and Saxon Knights who took part in the great fight. But the present interested her as vividly as the past, and she greatly valued a fine donkey given to her by Lord Kitchener. Lord Rosebery hastened to Wiesbaden to bring the remains of his mother home to England for burial.

Lord Rosebery as Littérateur.

During his recent visit to Italy, Lord Rosebery, it will interest readers of *The Sketch* to learn, made researches into the early history of the Bonaparte family, and these his Lordship will incorporate in a monograph on the



THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

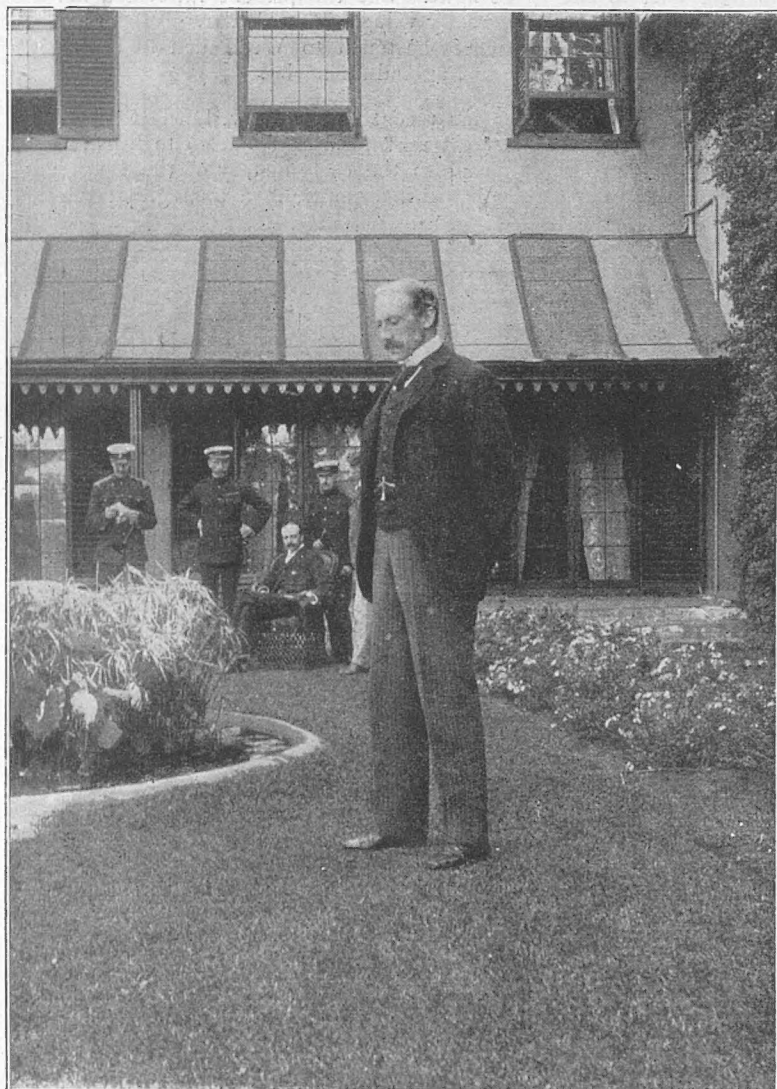
whole career and general character of the first Napoleon, which will appear by-and-by as a supplement to his recent book dealing with the St. Helena period. It is known, by the way, among a small section of

Lord Rosebery's private friends that part of his leisure has been occupied of late in writing a "Society" novel, and this work, there is good reason for believing, will be published next year.

The King and the Dealer. I heard a good story the other day of the King as Prince of Wales. When abroad, the Heir-Apparent was very fond of going incognito to various shops, accompanied only by one of his suite. Once, when he was staying at a certain German town, he entered the establishment of a curiosity-dealer and asked the price of some old silver flacons. The vendor named his price. "Isn't that rather dear?" asked the Prince. "Not at all," replied the dealer; "if you don't take them, I shall get double from the Prince of Wales." "Indeed!" said His Royal Highness; "but how do you know the Prince will buy them?" "Well, I know he is very fond of this sort of ware," answered the merchant; "and," he added confidentially, "I hear he has an Equerry with him whose paw is easily greased." At this the Prince exploded. "Well," he said to the horror-stricken dealer, "I am the Prince of Wales, and here is the Equerry whose paw is easily greased." Then he left the shop, still laughing.

A National Welcome for Sir Alfred Milner. Never has any civilian non-Royal personage received so enthusiastic and truly national a welcome as that which fell to the lot of Sir Alfred Milner last Friday (May 24). The Premier, Colonial Secretary, and, most notable fact of all, King Edward, all combined to make Sir Alfred Milner's home-coming as impressive as possible. Once more the world at large has had an opportunity of seeing how Old England upholds her sons, and there is no doubt that Sir Alfred's reception will have produced a very powerful impression in Paris, Berlin, St Petersburg; and last, not least, at The Hague.

Lord Milner of Cape Town? Many people are speculating as to what name will be chosen by Sir Alfred when he receives the Peerage which he has well earned. There seems a general impression that he will stick to "Milner," and, as Peace has her victories as well as War, it is quite probable that the world will yet live to hail him as Lord Milner of Cape Town. Although he has come home for a rest, a determined effort will be made by the "Lion"-hunters of



SOUVENIR OF SIR ALFRED MILNER: IN THE GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

Photo by Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, Red Lion Square, W.C.

Society to secure so exceptionally fine a specimen! One of the first visits paid by him will probably be to Eaton Hall, for he is much attached to his former Aide-de-Camp, the Duke of Westminster.

Milner a Manxman?

The Isle of Man has had many distinguished sons, none, perhaps, more notable than Sir Alfred Milner, who can, at least, claim to be a grandson of the island, for his mother was a daughter of Major-General Ready, in his day one of the most popular Governors of Manxland. Sir Alfred was actually born in Württemberg, where his father had a large medical



THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND WITH HER FAVOURITE DOG.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

practice, and it must have been quite easy for him to discuss even the most delicate matters with Kruger, for he speaks German like a native. Of no well-known man living are fewer stories told than of Sir Alfred Milner, and, as far as his friends know, he has never been in love. But the course of life was so far ruffled that he did service as a journalist—as Lord Salisbury did before him.

As so often happens when a man did not spend his boyhood at a Public School, Sir Alfred does not care to any extent for any form of sport or game; but he is fond of riding, and once proved that he could manage horses as well as men, for on his way to the Transvaal his waggon stuck after crossing the Eland's River Drift, and Sir Alfred literally put his shoulder to the wheel and with voice and whip persuaded the unwilling horses to go forward.

The Slowly Moving Budget.

On the first day that the House of Commons met after the Easter recess, the Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted the Budget, but the Bill in which it is embodied has not yet passed. An extraordinary number of members competed almost frantically for the Speaker's eye during the Second Reading debate on the eve of the Whitsuntide recess. It was a debate which the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues watched with complacency. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is reported to have said some time ago to a leader of the divided Liberals that he would tax them into unity. His prediction was not realised on this occasion. The most conspicuous result of the debate was the exposure of differences on the Opposition side.

An Abused Statesman.

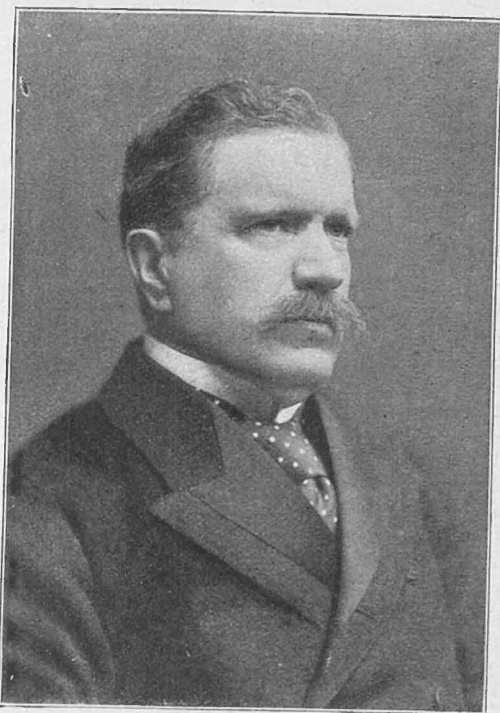
Sir Henry Fowler, who moved the official Opposition amendment, has, by his stalwart support of the War, lost the friendship of a section of the Radicals. They intrigued for ten days to secure the withdrawal of his amendment, and when they failed they sneered at his speech. Mr. Labouchere scoffed at him as "a High Priest of Birmingham Imperialism," and Mr. John Redmond, amid the passionate applause of the younger Nationalists, denounced him for a quarter of an hour with such fierceness as is rarely displayed even in the House of Commons. Probably never since Mr. Parnell attacked Mr. Forster has an Irishman subjected a Liberal to such violent epithets. Sir Henry did not quail. He has a strong mouth, and he closed it firmly. He listened in silence, and no colleague offered sympathy.

A Novelist's Maiden Speech.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who has been diligent in attendance since his election to Parliament, delivered his maiden speech at a late hour, after Mr. Redmond's attack on Sir Henry Fowler. The House was too much excited by that attack to stay to listen to a new member. Moreover, it is jealous of men who have earned distinction in other branches of life. It likes to give them a proper Parliamentary estimate of themselves. Mr. Parker had, therefore, a comparatively small audience. He spoke fluently and at considerable length, with one or two flashes of eloquence and several clever phrases. His appearance was welcomed by Mr. Bryce, a man of letters who never does justice to himself in the House of Commons.

The Crystal Palace Manager.

The astute and devoted General Manager of the Crystal Palace, Mr. Henry Gillman, played a trump-card when he secured Earl Roberts' promise to open the superb Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and prevailed upon the Countess to unveil Mr. Harry Bates's fine



MR. HENRY GILLMAN, MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

amusements calculated to be most attractive. I have in an earlier column outlined the salient features of the new Exhibition organised to commemorate the first Great World's Fair of 1851. I only hope the railway companies concerned will accelerate the services to the Palace, and see that the carriages are so cleansed that the light

equestrian statue of the Commander-in-Chief near the Central Transept. Messrs. Russell and Sons have courteously furnished me with a photograph of this martial statue of "Bobs," who is modelled to the life. The figures on the base appropriately represent War and Victory. A masterly as well as modest administrator who has faithfully served the Directors of the Crystal Palace for upwards of twenty years, Mr. Gillman is the right man in the right place as Manager of the famous Palace of Pleasure on Sydenham heights. His experience teaches him what is most likely to draw the public in their thousands, and his judgment may be relied upon to frame the programme of

The Home Secretary Fêted.

That was a singularly pleasant gathering at the Crystal Palace the other night, when, under the genial presidency of handsome Sir William Treloar, Mr. Charles T. Ritchie, Secretary for the Home Department, was entertained to dinner by his Croydon friends and constituents. It was as a non-commissioned officer of the 2nd Royal West Surrey Militia, of which he is now Honorary Colonel, that the Home Secretary first became connected with Surrey. In 1895 he was returned unopposed by the large and flourishing town of Croydon, where his popularity has increased with the passing years. Though born north of the Tweed—the event occurred in Dundee in 1838—Mr. Ritchie was educated entirely in England, and he is a thorough Londoner by predilection and business associations. His Parliamentary experience began in 1874, when he became Member for Tower Hamlets. Mr. Ritchie is a connoisseur in china, and his collection includes much that is of special value. He takes a peculiar pride in showing to his guests the gifts he received from the late Queen—one, a picture of the Royal Family in 1882. Mr. Ritchie is exceedingly fond of country life, but nothing pleases him better than to bury himself in the pages of a favourite novel. One of Mr. Ritchie's daughters is the wife of the eldest son of Mr. Justice Romer, and another married Mr. Charles Russell, eldest son of the late Chief Justice of England.

Those who remember Southend a few years ago (writes a correspondent) would be very much surprised at the rapid way in which it is becoming one of the most attractive watering-places within easy reach of London. No less than three railway companies now compete for traffic, the Tilbury and Southend, the Midland, and the Great Eastern. The recent census showed that the population had nearly doubled in ten years, but official returns of this kind give no sort of idea of the vast improvements which have been and are being made, and of the rapid way in which the township is spreading. The new Kursaal in Marine Park is to be finished in July. It will be a kind of Frankfort Palmen-Garten and miniature Crystal Palace combined.

The grounds were open last year. Then there is, overlooking the long pier, the gigantic but unfinished Hôtel Métropole, on which £270,000 has already been expended, and where, it is said, visitors are to be boarded and lodged at £2 a-head per week, with annual season-ticket to London thrown in. The sea-front has been most tastefully arranged, with its upper and lower thoroughfares, its shrubberies, and terraces reaching right away to Westcliff, where another town is springing into being. And, beyond Westcliff again, yet another suburb, called Chalkwell Park, is being laid out with pretty villas. When the electric tramway is finished, it is safe to say that Leigh and Southend will be one.

Kells' Welcome to Lady Headfort. As regards the warm Irish hearts of Lord Headfort's tenants and neighbours, Lady Headfort seems to have "got right there." The fact that she has Irish blood in her veins has not been forgotten, and, now that it is known in County Meath that the young Marchioness has been for a long time a keen horsewoman and a fearless rider to hounds, the seal has been set on her popularity. Irish Peers seem to have a traditional fondness for stage beauties; and certainly the manner in which Lady Clancarty, née Bilton, has managed to ingratiate herself among her husband's friends and neighbours in County Galway promises well for the future of Lord Headfort's bride. Just before leaving town, Lord and Lady Headfort were present at the Opera, but it is said that they mean to spend the summer in Ireland.

Ditton Park.

Ditton Park, near Slough, which the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle have taken for the summer, contains a picturesque old house surrounded by a moat, and is remarkable for its fine groves of Spanish chestnuts and the quantity of wildfowl



NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: STATUE OF EARL ROBERTS, UNVEILED BY LADY ROBERTS ON THE OPENING DAY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace



THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (MISS ROSIE BOOTE).

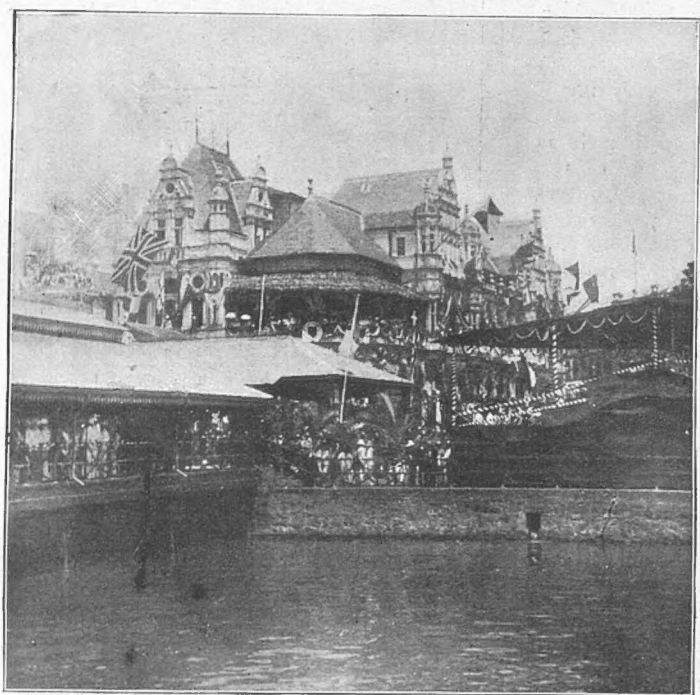
Taken, after their Marriage, by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.

frocks of the ladies may not be soiled in transit. If this be done, the success of the great Soldiers' and Sailors' Show in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham should be assured.

which breed on the lake. It was left by the late Duke of Buccleuch to his son, Lord Montagu of Burleigh, better known as Lord Henry Scott. The Dowager-Duchess of Buccleuch used formerly to live there, and there was a talk of its being bought for the Empress Frederick. Ditton was at one time, and may be now for aught I know to the contrary, the great hunting-ground of the Eton boys, who, undismayed by the ducal keepers, were wont to carry off the chestnuts and plunder the nests of the waterfowl. One daring youth once carried off a swan's egg—a wholly indefensible theft—and, on being told by his schoolfellows that he was liable to the penalty of death for his crime, hid the egg for the whole of the remainder of the term up the chimney in his room. His conduct, however, excited the anger of the Duke, who had been very lenient, and Eton boys were warned off. I fancy, however, that peace was eventually restored, for the Duke was himself an old Etonian.

The Duke at Singapore.

I am indebted to a gentleman accompanying their Royal Highnesses in their grand tour for this little snapshot of the arrival at Singapore of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (we scribes shall all be glad when we can describe them as the Prince and Princess of Wales). Their Royal Highnesses are depicted as landing at this distant port, where they were welcomed with that heartiness which has characterised their reception at every stopping-place, and where their unaffected geniality delighted everyone. It was on April 23 that H.M.S. *Ophir* left Singapore



THE ROYAL TOUR: PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT SINGAPORE.

for Australia, the arrival of the Duke and Duchess at which great island offshoot of the Motherland has been loyally chronicled in *The Sketch*.

The Earl of Erroll's New Honour and Appointment.

The Earl of Erroll, whom the King has made a Knight of the Thistle, will on June 1 begin the duties of Assistant-Adjutant-General on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, to which he has just been appointed. As a Cavalry officer, his Lordship, who returned from South Africa the other day, had charge of the Boer prisoners, including Cronjé and Staff, taken at Paardeberg, and conveyed them to Cape Town. Subsequently he acted as Brigadier-General on the Staff, and commanded a Yeomanry Brigade. The Earl of Erroll is twenty-third hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, and thus claims to be the Scottish subject who stands nearest the Throne. He was born at Kingston, Canada, in 1852, and from Harrow School he joined the Horse Guards before he had completed his eighteenth year; he obtained his Coloneley in that famous corps in 1895. He has been an Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders since 1892, and for some time he acted as "A.D.C." to Lord Wolseley. Lord Erroll's home-coming was almost coincident with the birth of a son to his heir, Lord Kilmarnock, who was married this time last year to the only daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Glen Muick.

A Gallant Admiral.

The news of the death of Admiral Commerell was received by the King and Queen with great regret on Tuesday, May 21. It was so unexpected that the first tidings were not credited until confirmed by special messenger. The gallant Admiral was held in deservedly high favour by Queen Victoria. He occupied the position of Groom-in-Waiting in Her late Majesty's Household, and was acting in the same capacity to the King when he died. His naval career was most distinguished. He was born in 1829, and became a Middy on the *Firebrand* in 1842. He was a Lieutenant on the *Vulture* at the outset of the Crimean War, but was

promoted Commander in charge of the *Weser*, and it was in this capacity that he gained his "V.C." in October 1855 by a gallant exploit in the Sea of Azoff.

Commander Commerell, in company with a Quartermaster and an "A.B.," hauled a small boat across the Spit of Arabat, and subsequently they had to ford two rivers to reach the store of corn of which they were in search, and which was two and a-half miles away. There were four thousand tons stacked in the vicinity of a guard-house, and twenty or thirty mounted Cossacks were encamped hard by. But the gallant Commander set fire to the stacks and then hastened to the shore under a heavy musketry fire.



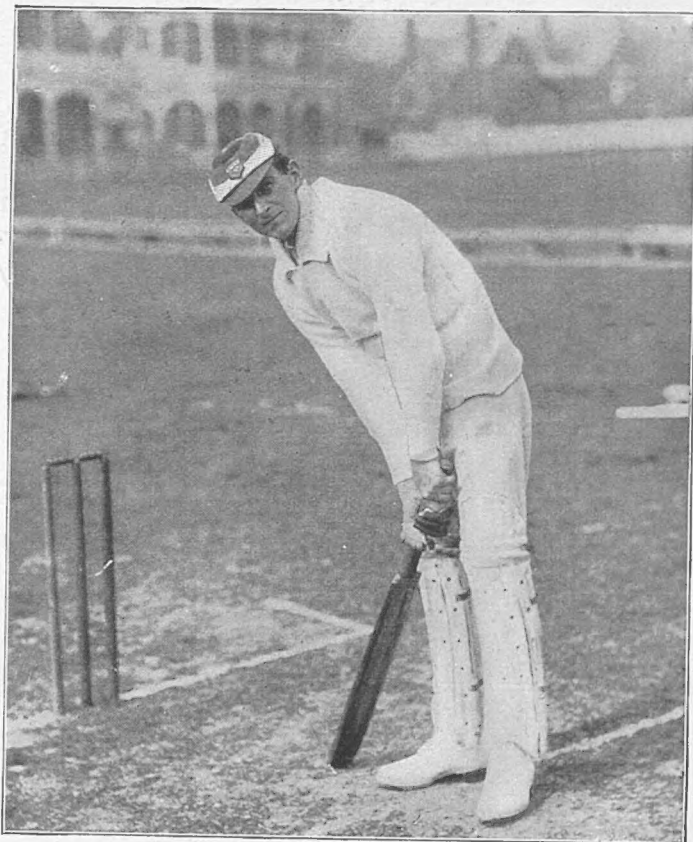
THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR JOHN COMMERELL, V.C., G.C.B.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

In 1876 he became a Rear-Admiral, and was Second-in-Command of the Mediterranean Squadron during the Russo-Turkish War, and, after relinquishing this position in October 1878, he was chosen as a Lord of the Admiralty twelve months later, but served for only a short time, and then, in 1880, unsuccessfully wooed Hull in the Conservative interest. A year afterwards he was gazetted Vice-Admiral, and from November 1882 to September 1885 was Commander-in-Chief of the North America and West Indies Squadron. In 1885 he returned home, and entered Parliament as Member for Southampton, having then reached full flag rank. He was a capital after-dinner speaker.

On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee he was made a "G.C.B." In July 1888 he had resigned his seat, the Queen having invested him with "the blue riband of the Service," the Commandership-in-Chief at Portsmouth. Sir John reigned at Admiralty House during a period that reflected further lustre on his career. The German Emperor visited England in 1889, and Admiral Commerell had the distinction of commanding the Fleet which was assembled at Spithead in his honour.

The deceased Admiral was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a J.P. for Hants. In 1853 he married Matilda Maria, daughter of



MR. M. BISSET, CAPTAIN OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM.

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

Mr. Joseph Bushby, of 3, Halkin Street, S.W. England is justly proud of her Navy and Army; but, as we are essentially a maritime nation, it is fitting that we should be particularly grateful to such splendid veterans as Admiral Sir John Commerell.

Cricket in the Sunshine.

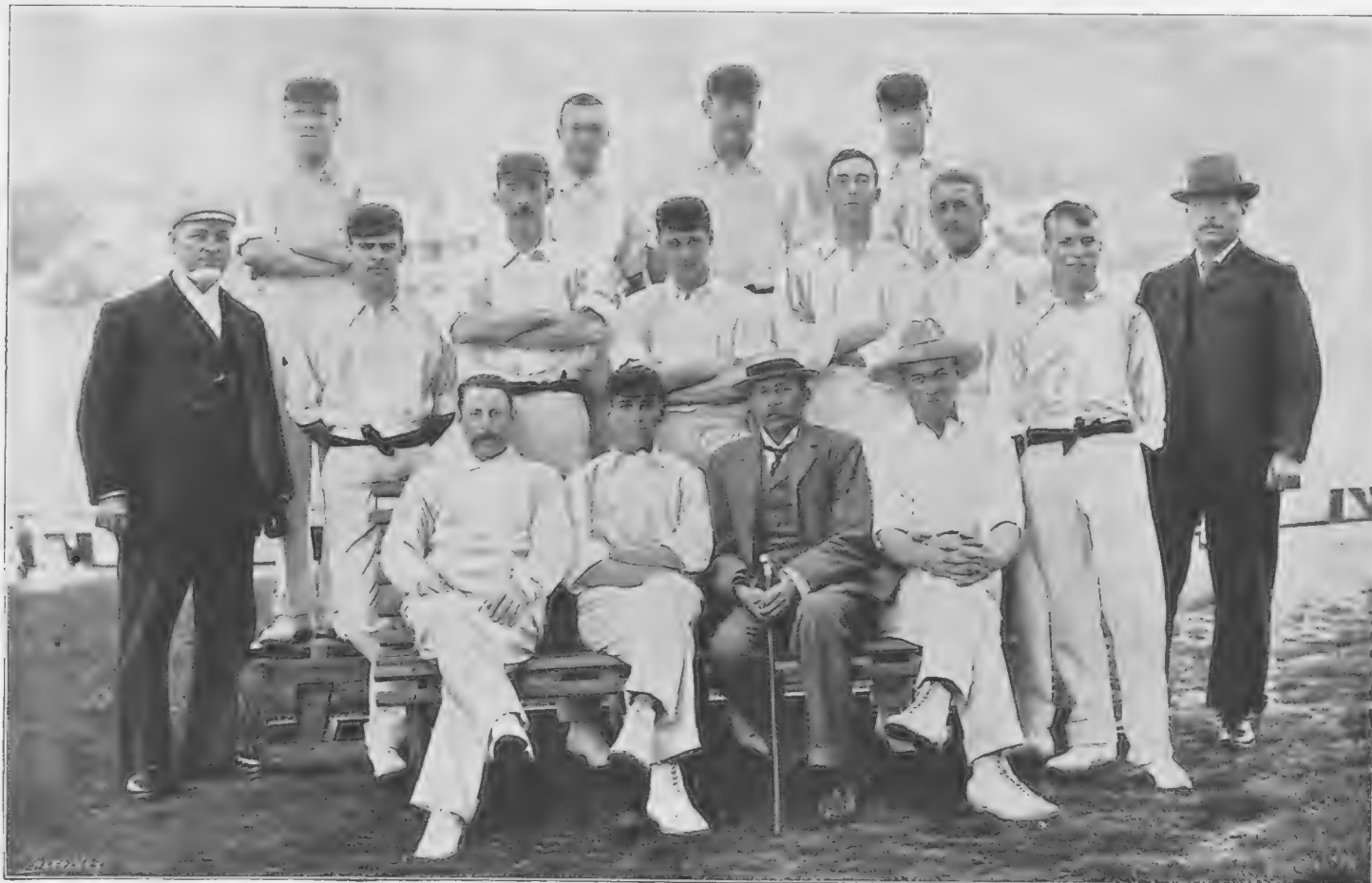
Not only does the sunshine make the cricketer's heart gay from his sheer love of brightness, but it creates a firmness of wicket which is highly appreciated—by the batsman, at any rate. May has not always been a month in which the yield of runs has proved heavy, but we varnish our wickets now, and the batsman's chance comes earlier. Even cricketers who visit us from afar find this out. In the first match of their tour, the South Africans had 538 runs scored against them in one innings, and themselves obtained 487 in two. Seven matches of importance were concluded on May 18 in which the aggregate averaged nearly a thousand. There were in these matches ten individual scores of over one hundred, the highest being 216 by Llewellyn (now qualified for Hampshire) against the South Africans, for whom he played the following week, when the sunshine, the hard wickets, and the run-getting were continued. Of the engagements kept by the team under the management of the Hon. J. D. Logan and captained by M. Bisset, none will, I venture to submit, dwell more pleasantly in the memory of its members than that against the London County Club at the Crystal Palace. The warmth of the welcome accorded them, the delight of playing on so charming a ground (of which, by-the-bye, Messrs. Gillman and Grace are justly proud), and the

Mr. Carnegie's Two Millions for the Scottish Universities.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie some years ago suggested that millionaires should use their surplus wealth in founding churches, universities, free libraries, hospitals, parks and pleasure-gardens, concert-halls and swimming-baths. One has never heard of Mr. Carnegie founding any churches, but he has paid for the introduction of three organs to working-men's churches in Edinburgh. His native Dunfermline has been supplied with swimming-baths through his generosity. Glasgow is the latest recipient of his bounty, to the extent of £100,000 for branch libraries, a scheme which had already been decided upon, and the expense of which will not now fall upon the rates.

The offer of two millions to be used for the abolition of fees for University education in Scotland, including those students studying medicine, is the latest development of the multi-millionaire's benevolence. The Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews are those that will benefit. Mr. Carnegie's own university was that of adversity, but he evidently wishes that coming youths and maidens may have their path smoothed as far as entrance-fees are concerned. He wishes that every Scottish young person of either sex who desires a University education and can pass the entrance examination should take

W. Shalders. G. Rowe. J. J. Kotze. J. D. Difford (Sec.).
Mycroft (Umpire). A. Ried. B. C. Cooley. R. Graham. M. Hathorn. L. J. Tancred. J. D. Logan. Titchmarsh (Umpire).



E. A. Halliwell. M. Bisset (Captain). G. Lohmann. J. H. Sinclair.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM OF CRICKETERS NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART.

enjoyable banquet at which they were entertained, will not easily be forgotten by the cricketers whose portraits are given on this page.

The Lady Golf Champion.

A new name has been added to the list at the head of which so conspicuously stands that of Lady Margaret Scott (now Russell), winner in three consecutive years. Miss M. A. Graham, who, on May 17, gained the distinction, belongs to Hoylake, famous, among other things, as the nursery of much golfing talent of a very high order. Mr. Harold H. Hilton (twice Open Champion and Amateur Champion, 1900 and 1901), Mr. John Ball junior (Open Champion, 1890, and five times Amateur Champion), and Mr. J. Graham junior, the brother of this year's Lady Champion, may be quoted as instances. Miss Graham's victory was not quite one of the expected. She won her early matches with ease, but the draw helped her in this respect. However, she proved her worth in the last two rounds. In the penultimate round the referee gave the game to Mrs. Stanley Stubbs by one hole, but Miss Graham showed to the satisfaction of the Committee that her opponent had been credited with a win at one hole where a half should have been scored, and she won the tie. Miss Rhona Adair (holder), who, in the semi-final round, had beaten Miss E. C. Neville, her unsuccessful opponent in the final of last year, had then to be met. To the surprise of most, Miss Graham held an advantage over the Royal Portrush lady throughout, being three up at the turn and eventually winning by three up and two to play. Next year's Lady Championship is to be played at Deal.

his or her seat in the class-room. Those from elsewhere than Scotland pay fees as before. Mr. Carnegie is to leave the working-out of the scheme to the University authorities. Already he has consulted Lord Balfour of Burleigh (Secretary for Scotland), the Earl of Elgin, and Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., M.P. This brings up Mr. Carnegie's benefactions to something like eight millions sterling, the latest being the largest of all.

Up and Down the River Trips.

An industrious and ubiquitous *Sketch* Snapshotman shows in the present Number how the fleets of river-steamers enable Londoners to enjoy excursions in a cheap way up and down the Thames. The commodious and swift saloon-boats of the New Palace Steamers, Limited, have resumed their delightfully invigorating and renovating trips to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. The handsome steamers *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor* commenced running on Saturday, May 25, and *La Marguerite* will start her Margate, Boulogne, and Ostend voyages on Wednesday, June 26. I can vouch for the fact that the catering on board these fine Palace Steamers is of the highest class, and is done by the Company on an ample scale at inexpensive prices to suit the purse of the general public.

Colonel G. M. Bullock, C.B.

Colonel G. M. Bullock may well be congratulated on his appointment to succeed "honest Jack" Dartnell in his important command. In the recent list of promotions and appointments, Colonel Bullock was given a Companionship of the Bath, and as, like all his men of the brave Devons,

when hard knocks were being given and taken, he was to the fore, this distinction was well deserved. At Colenso he led his brave Devonshire lads most heroically, and, though he had not the best of luck, he distinguished himself on more than one occasion when it came to a question of hand-to-hand fighting. Colonel Bullock joined the Devons nearly thirty years ago, when the regiment was known as the 11th (North Devonshire) Regiment, and was promoted to command the 2nd Battalion some four years ago. Till the present campaign he had not been fortunate enough to see war-service, but he has crowded a good deal into the last few months. The regimental motto, *Semper fidelis*, might well be his own.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Gartside-Tipping. When General Gaselee's gallant little Anglo-Indian Army was being despatched from India for service in China, *The Sketch* published portrait-groups of the British and native officers of the 1st Bengal Lancers, one of our crack Indian cavalry regiments. It is pleasant to read in General Gaselee's despatch that this regiment fully sustained its already high reputation, and that its brave commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Gartside-Tipping, together with other British and native officers of the regiment, is specially mentioned for his services. Lieutenant-Colonel Gartside-Tipping has commanded the 1st Bengal Lancers for some seven years, and he has three earlier campaigns to his credit, the Afghan of 1879-80, the Miranzai, and the Isazai. The 1st Bengal did the brunt of the advance cavalry work on the march to Peking, and, among other services, made very short work of a body of Tartar cavalry near Hoshiwun, so that General Gaselee's concluding words, "I trust Lieutenant-Colonel Gartside-Tipping's services may be considered worthy of recognition," seem well worthy of attention at Headquarters.

Sir Harry Johnston Coming Home. Sir Harry. Hamilton Johnston, who has been since 1899 Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief, and Consul-General for Uganda, will be in this country in a few weeks. His term of office has been signalised by great prosperity, and the construction of the railway, of 670 miles in length, from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza, which was commenced in December 1895, may be expected to be of vast benefit to the country. It is hoped that the line will be laid as far as Victoria Nyanza by next November, and the permanent line finished by June of next year.

A "Certified" Pressman. In connection with the Lord Chancellor's filial remarks about his Editor-father and his graceful compliments to the Press, a journalist writes: "I wonder if Lord Halsbury ever heard of the Mayor of a provincial town who wrote to the *Times* asking the great newspaper to send a representative to the opening of the new Town Hall. The Manager of the

Times replied that the invitation would be accepted, whereupon the country magnate wrote again, stating that, as all the notabilities of the neighbourhood would be present, he hoped that a thoroughly respectable reporter would be despatched. To which the Newspaper Manager answered, 'The gentleman we have selected for attendance at your ceremony is the son of a Bishop and the nephew of a Baronet, and his probity and manners have never been doubted. If, however, these social qualifications are not sufficient, we shall be prepared to submit for your approval other samples of our Staff.'"

The Earl of Dunmore, who to his other accomplishments has just been adding the gentle art of journalism by writing a series of articles in one of the daily papers in defence—or, should one say, in praise?—of Christian Science, is the famous traveller and explorer. In this connection he will, no doubt, be best remembered by his ride through certain parts of Asia some nine or ten years ago. The result of this ride was his book, "The Pamirs, Cashmere, and Western Tibet." He is a typical Scotchman, and was at one time a Captain in the Scots Guards, but he has retired from the active profession of arms, which have been borne with such conspicuous results by his son, Lord Fincastle, who, serving as A.D.C. to Sir Bindon Blood in the frontier war in Afghanistan in 1897, won the Victoria Cross.

Ladies and Literature.

Although membership of the Authors' Club is strictly limited to the sterner sex, ladies are not altogether debarred from participation in its hospitality. On Monday se'nnight, for example, a dinner (under the chairmanship of Dr. Conan Doyle) was held in their honour at the Hôtel Cecil, attended by some three hundred members and their friends. Among the former were Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. E. W. Hornung, Mr. Poultny Bigelow, Mr. Horace Wyndham, and Mr. Archibald Langman; while among the latter were Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Rita" (Mrs. Humphreys), Miss Lena Ashwell, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar. After dinner, a most enjoyable soirée took place, when Miss Gleeson White sang and Mr. Walter Churcher gave some humorous recitations.

The Curwens. The forthcoming marriage between Mr. Valentine Taubman-Goldie and Miss Henrietta Curwen, daughter of the late Mr. Curwen, of Workington and Belle Isle, recalls to students of North Country history the gigantic struggles for supremacy in Westmorland and Cumberland which went on for nearly a century between the Curwens and the Lowthers. It is said that the two families spent between them nearly half-a-million in fighting elections, and eventually the Lords of Lowther proved the victors by sheer force of most money. The Curwens, however, are still a great house, and of right royal descent, dating back to Egbert, the first King of All England, while surely there is no finer possession in the world than Belle Isle on Lake Windermere. The Taubman-Goldies hail from the Isle of Man. The future bridegroom is the only son of Sir George Taubman-Goldie, the well-known Administrator.

The Prosperity of Antwerp. It is most surprising (writes "A Traveller") to note how the old city of Antwerp is being transformed. Comparatively few English tourists stay for more than a couple of days in the fine Flemish port, and then their time is mostly devoted to churches and picture-galleries. I knew Antwerp when I was quite a small boy, and have visited it off and on ever since. The other day, I went there after a space of four years, and the changes which I found were truly astonishing. Nearly all the dirty old streets have been, or are being, removed, and noble *quartiers* erected in their stead; the railway-station, formerly a wretched *baraque*, is now a splendid edifice, and the lines, which used to run level with the street, are elevated on handsome archways (so truly different in architectural appearance from their miserable counterparts in London). The noble Zoological Gardens have been greatly improved, and 200,000 francs expended on the erection of a big restaurant and concert-hall, and along the ever-spreading boulevards fine stone houses are springing up. I asked a Belgian friend the reason of this prosperity. "We owe it all to you," he answered. "Ever since the London dock strike we have been steadily going ahead. We are now, perhaps, the busiest port in Europe."



MISS ELEANOR CALHOUN IN "THE QUEEN'S DOUBLE."

Photo by Hanu, Bedford Street, Strand.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON AS FREDA IN "A WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

*A Balkan
Poetess.*

Mdlle. Hélène Vacaresco (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) has just been awarded by the Académie-Française the Jules Favre Prize, destined for the best work from a woman's pen, for her "Roumanian Ballads." The serious life of this Roumanian heroine stands out in extraordinary relief at a moment when the gossip from the Balkans reads



MISS WINIFRED WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

like scenes from an opera-bouffe. Hélène Vacaresco, as everybody knows, was loved by a Royal Prince. Her life since has been worthy the honour. She has lived in Paris, occupied with the education of her two young sisters, and, for her own part, absorbed in literature. When she was Carmen Sylva's secretary, there were those who wrongly attributed the productions of the Royal patron to the secretary. But the talents are quite different. The present is not Mdlle. Vacaresco's first success in Paris; she had been already crowned by the Académie-Française for a volume of verse.

M. Léon Dierx is to be President of the Poets' Congress in Paris. He is the "Prince" of French

poets, having been elected three years ago to the succession of M. Stephen Mallarmé. The French poets themselves elected him. At the balloting, Heredia had but seven votes, Sully-Prudhomme only three, Mistral two, and Rostand (author of "Cyrano de Bergerac") one. Léon Dierx had fifteen votes, and so he became the Poet-Prince of France. He is an employé in a commercial house, and, in condition and habits, seems to be a sort of Charles Lamb. He rises in the early hours and goes to business when the milkman is making his rounds. And at night he avoids the cafés, which would have surprised a Verlaine or an Alfred de Musset, and goes home to his family and passes the night in making rhymes.

*Count Robert de
Montesquieu.*

After the "Prince Poet" the gentleman poet. The author of "Hortensias Bleus" and of "Odeurs Suave," Count Robert de Montesquieu, is a *grand seigneur* and an aesthete, as well as a writer of exquisite verse. It was among his ancestors that Dumas found the famous d'Artagnan. An adoring circle address him in sonnets and celebrate his virtuosity in rhyme. Boldini has painted him, in a symphony of greys, examining attentively a cane with a head of lapis-lazuli, and this picture, so just in its symbolic expression, was the object of all the fashionable gossip of a recent Paris Salon.

Rosa Bonheur.

Well-dowered as it was before in histrionic souvenirs, Fontainebleau is now the richer for an extremely artistic memorial of Rosa Bonheur. France is generous to her children of fame, except to poor Balzac. By the way, the only living man that I know who is immortalised in a tablet is M. de Blowitz, the *Times* Paris Correspondent. The good people of the village of Blowitz show with pride the tablet that indicates his birthplace.

President Loubet.

Poor Crozier, the Chief of the Protocole, is in despair with the charmingly human President. Crozier, who has so many foreign decorations that, if he ever got any more, they would have to be pinned on his back, cannot make top nor tail of M. Loubet. The President will not stand ceremony. Directly his visitors arrive, he rushes forward and honestly gives a grip of the hand, while Crozier has got to this stage, "His Majesty the King of the Belgians—" But now that the President has adopted the natural attitude of the King of Greece or Leopold II., and goes out and quietly takes his dinner at a café in the open air with Madame Loubet, as in his struggling barrister days, the Chief of the Protocole positively groans.

*The Troubles of a
King.*

Now that the debts of the Prince Consort of Holland are public property, I notice that it is poetically put down to extravagance when he was doing his duty by his country's cause in the Prussian Army. Did the Prince never gamble in a famous Club not far from the Opera—and lose?

Queen Ranavaloa.

Since Queen Ranavaloa was expelled from Madagascar and sent to Algeria, she has made many friends. It was generally supposed that she would turn out to be a semi-savage, who used a tomahawk as a fan. But she has made

friends in all directions, and the dainty, Parisianly dressed, little lady with the marvellous white teeth and a cheeky little smile is on the visiting list of the principal French families in Algeria. Her one dream has always been to visit Paris, and now it is to be gratified. She implored the Government to allow her to come last year for the Fair; but they reluctantly refused, as they were afraid of the chaff of their opponents owing to the very lonely state of the Palais des Souverains. The most amusing adventure of the exiled Queen was with her native cook. She discharged him because she took a dislike to the prospect of chronic dyspepsia. He took his revenge by inventing the wildest stories concerning the little lady, until strong men trembled and the little Algerians hid in the cellars.

My Lady Nicotine.

Now that the Dreyfus case is about over, France is to ring with a new battle-cry, "Tabac—Maladie—Mort!" The Anti-Nicotine League has decided on a vast campaign, and has adopted this as its motto; and the stories it tells against the ladies are awful. I am inclined to believe that it will be a success, because the League has irrefutable proofs. It has inoculated some rabbits and a rat. The effect was immediate—the moral character of the animals deteriorated. Their Sunday School attendance became irregular, and their families were neglected. Anybody who keeps rabbits can verify this, and, if the animal is addicted to cigarettes, it is even worse, it seems.

*The Lambert
Divorce.*

If the French law allowed the reporting of divorce cases, the Lambert case would be sensational. Mdlle. Magnier, who is an extremely beautiful girl, married Lambert, the famous *Sociétaire* of the Théâtre-Français, but within six weeks the wife insisted on a divorce. Every effort has been made by all the *littérati* of Paris to patch up the quarrel, but the decision of the wife is adamant.

*The "Figaro"
Case.*

Practically the only thing talked of in Paris is the alleged *Figaro* scandal, but where any scandal comes in I am at a loss to see. De Rodays has resigned simply because his wound in his duel with Boni de Castellane has permanently impaired his health. De Perivier will not resign, and it has been formally denied in the most emphatic manner that the famous journal is in the hands of the Germans. The shares are for sale on the market openly, just as in the case of English limited liability ventures. The *Figaro* is as bright as ever, but its world-famous "five-o'clocks" are rare.

A Plea for Nature.

M. Charles Beauquier, the Deputy for Doubs, deserves (adds my Paris Correspondent) well of his

fellow-men. He has determined to urge upon the Government the necessity of saving the most beautiful scenery in France from the hands of the jerry-builder, with his Noah's Ark kind of villas. Very logically, he points out that the State purchases every year landscape-paintings, and guards them with pride; while at the same time the actual spot is, without opposition, being turned into an advantageous hoarding-station by manufacturers of patent medicines. The Government has already undertaken the guard of the more historical castles, and M. Beauquier now claims that a special committee should be appointed in every Department to select those picturesque spots that are its glories, and hand over to the Government the cost of their maintenance. The enormous increase in touring with the cycle and the motor has led to disastrous effects in the most topsyturvydom fashion.

Under the impression that the Parisian requires a noise and blaze everywhere, old historic auberges have been converted into flaming brasseries, and barrel-organs and scratch orchestras play before the doors. This is bad enough, but the Government should protect the scenery.



MISS ALMA STEELE, ON TOUR IN "FLORODORA."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THE SOCIAL JESTER

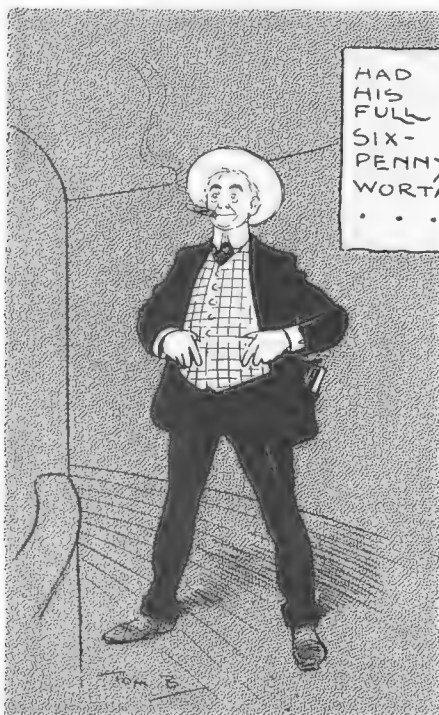


I MAKE MYSELF POPULAR—AT EARL'S COURT.

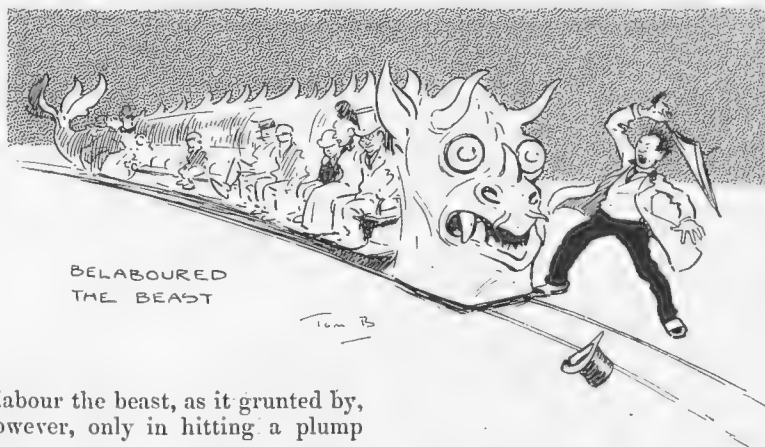
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, my dear young lady, with whom I had the honour of breaking bread on the opening day of the Show, assured me that it was not the intention of the organisers of the Military Exhibition to strike terror, by means of their exhibits, into the hearts of the Foreign Powers. His Royal Highness, as President of the whole affair, knows, of course, what he is talking about, but I venture to assert that, should the German Emperor, or the President of the French Republic, or the Czar of Russia, or any other distinguished gentleman occupying a position of dizzy importance, chance to meet the "Chinese Dragon" in a lonely English lane at about twelve o'clock midnight, the sight of this flaming-eyed, rumbling monster would certainly induce him to hurry back to his native shores and reduplicate his standing armies with all convenient despatch. The only man, to my mind, who would enjoy the encounter is the late President of the Transvaal Republic. And in that case, perhaps, the "S.P.C.A." would have something to say.

It is a fearsome creature—this "Chinese Dragon." To tell the truth, it is more like a sea-serpent than a dragon, and I found myself waiting anxiously to see whether it would take a plunge, passengers and all, into the lake. One man who came suddenly round the corner without having seen the thing before, screamed aloud in his excitement and endeavoured to belabour the beast, as it grunted by, with his umbrella. He succeeded, however, only in hitting a plump little City man on the inside of the knee.

Another new attraction is the electric stairway. This is a sort of continuous rubber band, worked by machinery, which takes you upstairs when you stand on it. All you have to do is to pay a penny, pass through a turnstile, and step on to the stairway. The whole thing is absurdly easy. I watched the people making a fuss about it for some time, and then determined to show them how simple it really was. Unluckily, however, my nervous system has been a good deal upset by this changeable weather, and, on some



BELABOURED
THE BEAST



occasions, I do not feel absolutely certain as to what I shall do next. There is nothing the matter with me really, only I sometimes find myself surprising people. This was one of the occasions. I paid my penny all right, and passed through the turnstile with quite a jaunty air, but, instead of stepping on to the stairway with my head up, my shoulders squared, and a look of slight contempt on my otherwise expressionless features, I sat down on it.

Of course, there's no reason why one shouldn't go up an electric stairway in a sitting as well as in a standing position. You get to the top all the same, and you don't interfere with the machinery in the least bit. But I would rather have done it proudly, defiantly, because I had been making remarks

in rather a loud tone about the simplicity of the business, and had given the onlookers to suppose that I had something to do with the invention of the beastly thing. That was all.

It was a little later in the same evening that I had a slight difference of opinion with one of the King's soldiers. You see, there are a couple of tableaux at Earl's Court—one showing British Army types in all sorts of characteristic poses, and another doing a similar duty by the Army of another nation. Well, as I happen to have paid my income-tax quite recently—I put it off until July last year, but I don't know that it's quite the thing to do—I am deeply interested in studying the various methods employed by the Government for getting rid of the taxpayers' money. Concluding that the Army was one of them, I ventured to cross the ropes—it was nearly closing-time, and most of the visitors who had not gone home were waiting to see a water-chute

boat upset—and inspect these noble-looking figures at close quarters. Now, it may have been mere pleasantry on my part, or—as I prefer to think—my martial spirit may have been aroused by being brought into close contact with such a profusion of uniforms, swords, trap-

I SAT DOWN ON IT



pings, and the like. Whatever the cause, it is certain that I adopted a very familiar tone towards the models, tweaking the nose of one, punching the chest of another, twisting the moustache of a third. Presently, I observed that one of the figures—a private with a pipe between his lips—had, somehow or other, strayed outside the ropes, and, without more ado, I stepped up to him, slapped his face, and asked him where he supposed he was off to. In less time—as the serial-writers in juvenile papers say—than it takes to tell, I was reclining inartistically on the gravel—there is some gravel there—and a live fellow from Knightsbridge was telling me all sorts of

plain truths about my personal appearance and inviting me to get up and start on that journey for which one never takes a return-ticket.

Talking of journeys, you mustn't fail to see the Stereorama. You pay sixpence, and go for a trip through the Mediterranean with a lot of ironclads and fishing-smacks and things. It is one of the most artistic side-shows I have ever seen, and so realistic that I had constantly to turn away and feel for the walls and the floor of the building to reassure myself that it wasn't time to get up for breakfast. Master Thomas, who now writes "R.I." after his name, and therefore knows a thing or two about two or three things, simply planted his hat on the back of his head, put a thumb into either waistcoat-pocket, and said nothing until the sun had set in the west and he had had his full sixpennyworth. Between you and me, dear lady, I rather think he will be sending in a Stereorama to next year's Academy.

The Arcade, you will be glad to know, is as lively and alluring as ever. It is still possible, for example, to pose on a platform in an elegant attitude with your back to the grinning public and your profile towards the Lightning Artist who, in the space of two minutes and for the small sum of one shilling, will make for you a portrait of yourself that is quite as large as life and twice as handsome. Or should you, again, be desirous of learning the air of a popular song of which you already know the words, you will find a nice young gentleman, seated in front of a piano, ready and willing to play the music over and over again for you until everybody in the neighbourhood is weary of it, and to conclude the interview with a mechanical bow and a patient smile as you walk away without having purchased a ha'porth of anything at all.

For the rest, the bands play as usual, the ladies smile and chatter, and the men say nothing in particular with as little trouble as possible. I think, by the way, I gave the conductor of the Grenadiers Band a useful hint. I suggested to him that they should give us something in the way of selections from "The Messenger Boy" or "San Toy" or "Florodora." The honest fellow grasped me by the hand and thanked me warmly, and I turned away with a tear in my eye and a glow in my heart to think that I had been the indirect means of making thousands of my fellow-creatures happy. It is kindly little deeds of that sort that help to brighten the road and lighten the load of—er—life.

Chicot



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

PROFESSOR GEORGE AITCHISON, R.A., PAST PRESIDENT R.I.B.A.—By SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

"No stronger contrast is offered than that supplied by Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in his two pictures—his glowing portrait of Professor George Aitchison, looking in his blue shirt more like a jolly Admiral than the Past President of the R.I.B.A.; and the marble splendour of his 'Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather.'"—FROM "THE SKETCH" ACADEMY NOTICE, May 8.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 211 IN GALLERY III.)



MISS VIOLA GILLETTE IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS BLANCHE BROOKS IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Exhibition; Plural, Exhibitions—"Mangling Done Here"—More Military than the Army—Homeopathic Exhibitions—A Temperance Hôtel Cecil?—Instructions to those Intending to be Born—National Saints by Ballot.

THREE or four more Military Exhibitions have been opened since last I wrote, and, as the number this week slightly exceeds the average, a few remarks on the more prominent of them may be of profit from one who knows as little about the Army as even Army men themselves. Lord Roberts is working several hours a-day opening these institutions and in improving the occasion; he must wish to be back again at "the Front" for a little rest and recreation. Peace hath her unmitigated nuisances, if somewhat less renowned than war. The Glasgow Exposition is doing so well that the Scotch seem (with the aid of Mr. Carnegie) to have found a gold-mine there as well as at Leith.

In one point these bi-weekly Exhibitions are grossly deceptive. Take the Crystal Palace. It is admirable in every other respect. There are the shells and other machinery for mangling men out of recognition, the ambulances in which writhing soldiers are jolted to death, full illustrations of the most horrible operations—in general, everything from which a holiday crowd derives rational pleasure and amusement. But where are the tableaux representing polo and lawn-tennis, church-parade, correct tailoring, and the etiquette of ball-rooms and "At Homes"? What we want is an accurate portrayal of military life.

Artillery, balloons, and tactics may be interesting enough for civilians, who have made these things the study of their lives. Ignorance of them, no doubt, has caused military "exhibitions" of another kind at "the Front." But how to procure officers, if they are given the impression that they will be annoyed with these uninteresting subjects which every well-bred Service man should hold in contempt? As Sir Boyle Roche justly observed to some troops drafted into a disturbed district in Ireland, "Now, remember you're soldiers, and let there be no fighting!" One of our Generals, who, after a desperate engagement, had occupied an elevated table-land, remarked to the remnants of his Staff, "Just the place for a golf-links, too!"

It seems somewhat strange to commemorate the great affair of '51—which was supposed to be inaugurating an epoch of universal peace and goodwill, and was, of course, immediately followed by war in most parts of the world—by holding a Khaki Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Yet nothing is so sure a sign of trouble brewing as a grand Peace Demonstration or a Disarmament Rescript. When the Sovereign of a nation expresses his pleasure at finding his relations with surrounding countries friendly, and its Prime Minister speaks of possible hostilities with amusement and contempt, it may be assumed to be on the verge of war with somebody. These public remarks are solely for the purpose of gaining time for the mobilisation of the Army and the manufacture of a more hideous class of gun. In reality, these inflammatory spectacles of ours are assurances of a prolonged period of national quiet.

The pleasures of another Bank Holiday are past—that is to say, the lower orders have injected water into each other's garments with hand-squirts, given each other ophthalmia with peacocks' feathers, and gorged themselves with deleterious unripe fruit. The police have been mobbed, and the magistrates overworked next morning. Rejoicing has been complete. The modern national holiday is, however, largely teetotal. The lemonade trade has swollen so much that the yearly output in bottles is calculated, if placed end to end, to stretch a thousand miles; three of these miles might be termed a "Temperance League." Lord Salisbury, though associated with the "Moderate" Party, is said to have lost touch with "The Man in the Street" by not turning the Hôtel Cecil into a temperance hotel. Why not tax aerated waters?

Temperance interests have been severely tried by the concurrence of Sir Alfred's return, Whit-Monday, and "King's Birthday" within a week of each other. Max Nordau has accused Sovereigns of having done nothing to justify their position except having "taken the trouble to be born." But this, in a King, is an undertaking of considerable anxiety. He has to have two birthdays, one for show and one for use, just as in other ages and other countries he has retained an official and an unofficial wife—on the principle of keeping business and pleasure distinct—and two moralities, one for public and ceremonial occasions, and another, a less complicated article, for private life.

Some people seem almost to think that a Sovereign shows neglect of his subjects' interests in having a birthday out of the Season. A Socialist Commonwealth, especially in a new country, has here an immense advantage. After laying out a capital with a T-square and compasses in rectangular streets at the exact centre of gravity of the nation, it can point off four days in the year mathematically equidistant from each other, call them A, B, C, and D without all this absurd sentiment and tradition, and make them Bank Holidays. Or a Parliamentary Committee can calculate the names of the national saints and mythical heroes and the days on which they shall have been born to four decimal places. As it is, we can only be careful not to canonise anybody who was born or martyred within six weeks of Christmas Day, the two or three King's Birthdays, and Easter Monday.—HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AUTHORS are seldom in agreement with their critics when these indulge in unfavourable comment. Mr. W. R. Paterson, better known as "Benjamin Swift," has published a book called "The Eternal Conflict." A reviewer declared that "Never is the essence of the thought crystallised in one satisfying sentence." Mr. Paterson replies, "The essence of the thought may be valuable or not; but surely it must be considered concentrated, centralised, and crystallised in such sentences as 'There is nothing but tides,' 'Armageddon is the ultimate fact,' 'All that we can know is the everlasting Anabasis and Katabasis of things.' Such reflections as these," says Mr. Paterson, "are not indefinite." Yes, but perhaps some people may take leave to think that they are not satisfying.

The May Book (Macmillan) has been compiled by Mrs. Aria in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, and contains contributions from many distinguished persons. It is well worth buying for its own sake. It is well worth buying, one might say, even for the sake of Mr. Austin Dobson's lovely lines—

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.
Misnamed, you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court!

By the way, when is Mr. Dobson going to include in his collected works the still more beautiful verses he published in the *Examiner* long ago, beginning "You are cold, you are wise"?

A new book on the history of the English Bible has a good story of a certain sprightly young deacon who, in preaching against the advocates of the Revised Version, startled his hearers by the contention that, if the Authorised Version was good enough for St. Paul, it was good enough for him! This may very well compare with the English story of the Boanerges who, in denouncing the education of clergy, thundered out, "Do you think Powl knew Greek?"

I am glad to hear that a complete edition of Hazlitt is to be brought out under the editorship of Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller. It will contain an Introduction by Mr. W. E. Henley, and is to be produced sumptuously in twelve large volumes by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. The editors promise to include the neglected writings of Hazlitt. To bring these together will be no slight task. It will be remembered that Robert Louis Stevenson wished to write a biography of Hazlitt. In the meantime, readers are fairly served by the Bohn edition, and the best introduction to a study of Hazlitt is the volume of selections edited by the late Mr. Ireland.

Mr. Harbutt Dawson's new series, entitled "Our Neighbours," is made up of handy books descriptive of the home and social life of Continental peoples. The editorship is in good hands. Mr. Dawson's workmanship is sound, and his volume, "German Life in Town and Country," is of real value. The publishers are Messrs. George Newnes, Limited.

Frances Forbes-Robertson's (Mrs. Harrod's) new novel, "The Hidden Model," is dedicated "To My Beloved Husband in the First Year of our Marriage, and to My Little Boy in the First Year of his Life."

It is not an easy thing for a popular author to live up, or down, to the ideal formed by the readers of his books. I was talking the other evening to a writer whose fame as the author of rollicking sea-stories, stories which positively reek of the salt, is very wide, a writer whose sea-stories are probably the most popular feature of one of the most popular magazines, and in the course of conversation this gentleman, who ought to have the appearance of a grizzled old sea-dog, but hasn't, confessed with shame and sorrow that he himself was—I put it mildly, in case his identity is discovered—a bad sailor. Personally, the only literature about the sea which I care for in the least is that giving diverse impossible prescriptions for *mal de mer*, but, in future, I shall always take a strong dose of one of the aforementioned writer's stories when I contemplate crossing the Channel.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Co., the enterprising New York publishers, are to start a monthly magazine, to be called *American Country Life*. It will be elaborately illustrated, and will contain departments of Sports and General Athletics.

I learn from a New York magazine that the original manuscript diary kept by Shirley Brooks in 1864 is in possession of an American lady. The book is in fine condition, and the entries as legible as the day they were written. Two sentences should be extracted: "I may say that I have caused a monument to W. M. T. to be erected in Westminster Abbey. My children may like to know that I originated the idea and have worked it out. Certainly it has been no particular labour beyond writing to people and getting them together; but this had to be done, and nobody else stepped out to do it." Why should we not have a biography of Shirley Brooks, if there are materials? He was one of the most delightful of the minor novelists in England. I was sorry to find lately that his books are nearly all out of print. o. c.



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THE RIVER-PLOUGH.—BY DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

ONE OF THE ARTIST'S BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (NO. 104 IN GALLERY II.)



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EDINBURGH: THE NEW TOWN.—BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. (NO. 333 IN GALLERY V.)

COMPANION PICTURE TO THE SAME ARTIST'S VIEW OF OLD EDINBURGH IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

GENERAL SIR HENRY NORMAN'S NEW COMMAND.

THE recent appointment of General Sir Henry Norman to be Governor of Chelsea Hospital, in place of the late Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, has drawn attention to that grand old institution, and so a few particulars concerning its foundation and history will not be out of place.

Most people labour under the delusion that Chelsea Hospital—or, as it was originally called, “Ye Royale Hospitale at Chellsea”—owes its



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SIR HENRY NORMAN.

foundation to the charitable intercessions of Nell Gwynne with Charles II.; but such is not the case, and the most careful researches into the official records of the institution serve only to prove most conclusively that the Court Favourite had nothing whatever to do with originating what is now one of our finest national institutions. As a matter of fact, one of the old records says, “The thoughtless woman of pleasure was always too much engrossed with her own personal and family intrigues to have originated the idea of an undertaking of such serious national importance. She was utterly unsentimental, and so illiterate that she learned with difficulty to write only two letters of the alphabet, ‘E. G.’ which she scrawled in the most ludicrous form at the foot of the receipt for her quarterly allowance.” There is no doubt, however, that at one time she resided in a portion of the lands which now form part of the Hospital, and doubtless this fact and the custom which was prevalent in her time of flattering Court favourites by undeserved imputed merits was the cause of originating the idea that it was she who was responsible for the founding of the Hospital. The real originator of the scheme was, according to the Hospital records and the most reliable historians of the time, Sir Stephen Fox, the first Paymaster-General to the Forces. He had accumulated a considerable fortune through his financial relations with the soldier, and gave largely of the money thus acquired towards the building of the institution, besides formulating the plans which procured from the Army itself the bulk of the requisite funds, by deductions from pay under certain conditions, by the compulsory contribution of a day's pay in each year, and by other means.

The King himself issued appeals to the public for voluntary aid, but the total amount raised was only £2374, to which, however, His Majesty added a sum of £6787 4s. 2½d., an unapplied balance of Secret Service money. Sir Stephen Fox's contribution amounted to £1300 (sometimes incorrectly described as £13,000), whilst some of his biographers have even given him credit for greater liberality, one of them stating that over £100,000 was given.

The foundation-stone of the Hospital was laid by Charles II. on Feb. 17, 1682, and the building, although not really finished till 1694, received its first occupants in 1692. The total cost of land, buildings, and furnishing from 1682 to 1702 amounted to about £158,000, the buildings, including materials and labour, costing about £146,000, whilst the land and furnishing cost respectively £4860 and £6544.

The Hospital administration and the control of Army pensions generally



ONE OF THE WARDS, SHOWING ROW OF CUBICLES.

are supervised by a body of Commissioners appointed by the King, and known as “The Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital.” This Board includes the Paymaster-General, the Secretary of State for War, the Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Forces, the Under-Secretary of State for War, the Commissioners of the Treasury, the Financial Secretary of the War Office, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Deputy-Adjutant-General, the Inspector-General of Recruiting, and the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the Hospital. They meet every week and consider the conduct reports, &c., of all soldiers discharged from the Service who are entitled to claim pensions.

The actual management of the Hospital is conducted by the Governor, who is aided by a Lieutenant-Governor, six Captains of Invalids, an Adjutant, Quartermaster, Chaplain, Physician and Surgeon, and Deputy-Surgeon, besides many officials of lower rank. Altogether, the Hospital accommodates 581 Pensioners, and each man has a cubicle to himself, and a range of these quaint little dwellings is shown in one of the illustrations. He is not expected to do any work, and has perfect liberty, is comfortably housed, warmly clothed, and well fed, and, but for his bodily ailments, his life would be a thoroughly happy one, devoid of all care and anxiety. Some of the men who have sought shelter in the Hospital have lived to a great age, for John McKay, who fought at the Battle of Waterloo, was 102 when he died, in 1886; while William Haseland, who died in 1732, and whose portrait, presented to the Hospital by Lord Rosebery, is reproduced, was 112. The portrait bears the inscription, “Will^m Haseland the Pentin^r of Chellsea Colle^d did



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HASELAND, PENSIONER, WHO DIED IN THE HOSPITAL 1732, AGED 112: PRESENTED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

on ye 6 of Aug^t 1730 sit for this Picture who was then 110 and in perfect health.” This grand old veteran's grave, which is in the cemetery attached to the Hospital, bears the inscription—

Here lies William Haseland,
A veteran if ever soldier was,
Who merited well a Pension
If Long Service be a Merit,
Having served upwards of the Days of Man.
Antient but not Superannuated,
Engaged in a series of Wars
Civil as well as Foreign,
Yet not maimed or worn out by either.
His complexion was fresh and florid,
His health hale and hearty,
His memory exact and ready.
In Stature
He exceeded the Military size,
In Strength
He surpassed the prime of Youth
And
What rendered his Age
Still more Patriarchal,
When above one Hundred years Old
He took unto Him a Wife.
Read Fellow Soldiers and Reflect
That there is a Spiritual Warfare
As well as a Warfare Temporal.
Born vi of August 1620. } Aged 112.
Died vii of Feb. 1732. }

One of the most interesting inmates of the Hospital at the present time is William Pegley, who was discharged from the 1st South

Staffordshire Regiment in 1885, and was specially admitted to the Hospital to act as drummer. He is seen to advantage every Sunday morning, when he and the fifer take their stand at the foot of the statue of Charles II., in the Main Square, and beat the call to prayers. Pegley enlisted as a drummer-boy, but never grew, his height now not being five feet. He has seen a good deal of service, and possesses five Good Conduct badges, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, the Egyptian Medal, 1882, and the Khedive's Star.

That Sir Henry Wylie Norman will



"VETERANS ALL": A GROUP OF CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

have a fine body of old men under his command is clearly seen in one of the photographs, which shows a typical group of Pensioners. The third man from the left of the picture bears a most striking resemblance to Earl Roberts; in fact, so much does he resemble the new Commander-in-Chief that he is known about Chelsea as "Bobs." It goes, too, without the saying that the name of the veteran Commander-in-Chief is one to conjure with among the Pensioners, many of whom have been at one time or the other under his command in India or elsewhere.—P. BROOKLYN.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: ONE OF THE INFIRMARY WARDS.

BOOK JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

AS I anticipated would be the case in *The Sketch* on April 24, the demand and the supply of

"LOVE LETTER" LITERATURE

have greatly increased during the past month, and at the time of writing there is every indication that this style of book will be the fashion.

MR. BARRY PAIN'S SKIT,

"Another Englishwoman's Love Letters," is in its twenty-third thousand, and, among the successful imitators and imaginary sequels, "The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) will be found intensely interesting. This book shows how quickly and completely an intelligent mind has grasped the situations created by the original love-letters published by Mr. John Murray. "The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love Letters" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) comes from America, where this phase of fiction has also found a large number of admirers. The work, however, in this class of literature which will hold the reader's attention most is

"ROSA AMOROSA," BY GEORGE EGERTON (GRANT RICHARDS), which, from a literary point of view, sparkles with good things. Here is one: "There are in life only two things of vital importance—love and laughter. Love is the keystone of the human bridge spanning time and eternity, and the waters of life flow under it, and it ripples with wavelets of laughter and whispers of joy." The book breathes throughout the lofty aspirations of a true and noble woman's love.

At this time of year,

A GOOD HANDBOOK TO THE GARDEN

is always welcome. Such a guide is "Gardening for Beginners," by E. T. Cook (G. Newnes, Limited). The volume is one of the "Country Life Library," and will be found quite equal to the previous works in this series, Mr. Cook having been assisted in its production by experts in the various branches of horticultural knowledge. The work is free from technicalities, and should be in the hands of all who want a trustworthy guide to a fascinating and health-giving pastime.

It is better, probably, for the peace of France that

"FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE," BY A. DREYFUS (GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED),

should be published now rather than when that excited nation was in the throes of the political crisis. The volume consists of a sketch of the early life of Dreyfus, with extracts from his diary, and his letters to his wife, written from the Devil's Island and elsewhere. To anyone wishing to thoroughly understand the persecution and living death which surrounded this martyr to bureaucratic militarism the study of this book is imperative. During the past month some

FIFTY WORKS OF FICTION

have been published. Although none have come from our foremost novelists, yet many are of a very readable and entertaining character. "Jack Raymond," by E. L. Voynich (Heinemann), is written with power, and, in graphic and striking details, it is a bold attempt to deal with a disagreeable subject, but the author has fulfilled her task with tact and judgment. It is certainly a book to be read. So also is "In the Shadow of Guilt," by M. C. and R. Leighton (Grant Richards), which, although of the detective character of fiction, contains a plot which is well worked out. It bristles with adventure and excitement, and is full of dramatic and tragic situations. A melancholy interest is associated with "The Seal of Silence," by A. R. Conder (Smith, Elder, and Co.), the author having died soon after completing the novel. It is a good story of country life with modern surroundings, and shows how much poorer the world of letters is through the too soon passing away of this gifted young author. "The Whirligig," by M. Lindsay (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is the tragic adventures of Francis Bothfield, who was born in Paris, breeched in Vienna, educated at Göttingen, and domiciled in half the cities of Europe. It is full of life and movement, and gains considerably by the vivid illustrations of M. Greiffenhagen. A skilfully woven romance is "Plato's Handmaiden," by Lucas Cleeve (John Long). The hero is a man "who considers virtuous women lucky, and faithless ones plucky." The story is well told and cannot fail to leave the reader refreshed and amused.

"NEW YORK," BY E. FAWCETT (SANDS AND CO.),

is an exceedingly well-written and exciting story of life in the eventful city which gives a title to the book. The author is conversant with every detail of American life, and in this tale of rich-wife-hunting and intrigue he has given an exceptionally strong book, which will considerably add to his popularity. "A Race with the Sun," by L. T. Meade and C. Halifax (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is a volume of short stories of detective life and other subjects of human interest. They are cleverly told, smartly written, and will absorb very pleasantly an idle half-hour.

A RIVER THAMES ROMANCE,

by Mr. Douglas Sladen, entitled "My Son, Richard" (Hutchinson and Co.), abounds in picturesque descriptions of the beautiful scenery of Cookham, connected by a thread of romance quite up-to-date, as one of the military heroes is a defender of Ladysmith. Readers in City pent will find the vivid sketches of free-and-easy bungalow and house-boat life in the loveliest reaches of the Thames conducive to Great Western excursions to Taplow.

A CHAT WITH MR. "OWEN HALL" ON "THE SILVER SLIPPER," FOR THE LYRIC.

WHAT is the secret of your continued run of successes, Mr. 'Owen Hall'? 'A Gaiety Girl,' 'An Artist's Model,' 'A Greek Slave,' 'The Geisha,' 'Florodora,' all have coined money, although the composer has been frequently different," I remarked to the author of the forthcoming "Silver Slipper" in an interval of the rehearsals.

"Would you like to know?" he replied, with a smile which reminded me of Dr. Lynn the famous conjurer's disingenuous offer to show you how he performed his marvellous tricks. "It is really very simple. The first thing I do is

TO FIND A PICTURESQUE SPOT—

I don't care in what clime or in what planet, but, for choice, some place which suggests a glow of colour and sympathetic scenery. For instance, 'Florodora,' as a possible island in the tropics, offered such attractions, and I venture to hope that the scene laid in the unknown region of

THE PLANET VENUS,

with which you will become acquainted in 'The Silver Slipper,' and other localities in the piece, will prove to have stimulated the imagination of the costumier and encouraged the Manager to be lavish in his expenditure. As a matter of fact, the production of 'The Silver Slipper' would have been quite impossible under a less generous Management than that of Mr. Tom B. Davis."

"And then?"

"THEN, I LOOK FOR A LOCAL FEMALE ATTRACTION,

whom I make a central figure, such as was 'The Geisha,' or Dolores in 'Florodora.' In 'The Silver Slipper' you will discover her in Stella, a fair inhabitant of the planet Venus; and I have been particularly fortunate in finding a lady to fill this rôle, for in Miss Winifred Hare we have an actress who seems to me to possess every quality required for the part."

"Quite so! But I want you to tell me the other ingredients of the recipe for writing a musical comedy."

"Well, I next bring a party of Europeans in contact with the peculiarities, as regards manners and dress, of the aboriginal population who assist in forming the choruses. I next proceed to invent a story. Having got that, I chop it up into lengths and insert musical numbers with lyrics suitable to the general plot. I finally and carefully consider the cast. Sounds easy, does it not?" he remarked with satirical gravity.

"Oh, yes! but, like many other recipes, it all depends on the cook."

"I think you will find one of the principal causes of failure among musical plays of the present day is to be found in their close similarity. They are

CAST TOO MUCH ON THE SAME LINES,

being played by the same members of the same company, and, as these artists too frequently suffer under a grave limitation as regards their versatility, and are too eager to revive previous successes in the way they play their parts, the author finds himself considerably handicapped, as he has to work with too scanty material and within too small an area. The introduction of new blood is therefore of the greatest service, and the chances of success for a musical play depend greatly on a complete change of cast. Of course, with an actor like

WILLIE EDOUIN,

his versatility is so immense that he is always fresh and original. Mr. Louis Bradfield also remains at the Lyric."

"Altogether, it seems to me a singularly strong cast."

"It could scarcely be better. Miss Coralie Blythe is specially charming—a little artist to her finger-tips, whose grace and voice will captivate everyone. Then there is Miss Connie Ediss, of whose popularity there is no question. One of her songs, 'I'm always on my best behaviour,' will, I think, take the town. Other new engagements include

MISS MOLLY LOWELL, MR. E. DAGNALL,

a very valuable addition, Mr. Henri Leoni, almost a specialist in his style of singing, and Mr. W. Cheesman, who is always entertaining."

"What have you to say about the scenery?"

"There are three scenes and a repeat, all painted by Mr. Julian Hicks, and all charming, while the entire production and dances are under the direction of our accomplished stage-manager, Mr. Sydney Ellison, who produced Mr. Tom B. Davis's 'Little Miss Nobody,' 'L'Amour Mouillé,' and the successful 'Florodora.' I should state, perhaps,

'THE SILVER SLIPPER' IS ESSENTIALLY AN EXTRAVAGANZA,

and in the visit of Stella, of the planet Venus, to Earth, I am to a certain extent indebted to the clever author of 'A Message from Mars.' I have extended the idea by introducing the audience to the Judgment Hall of Venus. The Invocation Hymn to Venus—written, of course, by Mr. Leslie Stuart—will be declared, I think, one of the finest numbers in the—I was nearly saying, opera. Indeed, the music is written almost throughout on a much higher plane."

"And so separates 'The Silver Slipper' from the category of the recent American importations?"

"The impression left on my mind after witnessing an American musical piece consists mainly of a drum and a Dutchman. Note, please, that I put the drum first."

T. H. L.

SCENES FROM "THE EMERALD ISLE," THE SUCCESSFUL NEW SAVOY OPERA.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE EARL OF NEWTOWN (MR. JONES HEWSON), AND THE COUNTESS OF NEWTOWN (MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM).

*"She walks through life with a stately air,
As though her life were a minuet!"*



A PEASANT GIRL (MISS ETHEL BEACH), PROFESSOR BUNN (MR. WALTER PASSMORE), AND NORA (MISS LULU EVANS).

"It's used you'll get to the strict etiquette of a typical Irish bull!"



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS MOLLY O'GRADY IN "THE EMERALD ISLE," AT THE SAVOY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS LADY ROSIE 'PIPPIN IN "THE EMERALD ISLE," AT THE SAVOY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

SCENES FROM "THE EMERALD ISLE," THE SUCCESSFUL NEW SAVOY OPERA.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

SUSAN (MISS GASTON-MURRAY), AND PROFESSOR BUNN
(MR. WALTER PASSMORE).

"Three apples glum at once become contented, happy pairs!"



KATHLEEN (MISS AGNES FRASER), AND SERGEANT PINCHER
(MR. R. CROMPTON).

"Won't ye come with us and search for mushrooms, Sergeant darlin'?"



MOLLY O'GRADY (MISS LOUIE POUNDS), AND PAT MURPHY
(MR. HENRY LYTTON).

*"It's only you and I that have to say good-bye:
Ah! won't you heave one sigh when I depart?"*



LADY ROSIE PIPPIN (MISS ISABEL JAY), AND TERENCE O'BRIEN
(MR. ROBERT EVETT).

*"Sweetheart, betake thyself to bed:
I'm not awake with aching heart or head."*

MR. BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER, R.A.

MR. LEADER is not so young as he feels, but he consoles himself with the reflection that it is better to be old (or rather, as in his case, mature) and feel young than it is to be young and feel awcary. Evidently he is not a "decadent." After all, what does a trifle of seventy years or so matter when you can

CARRY YOUR OWN CAMP-STOOL AND SKETCHING-BOX

over the Weald of Surrey and produce a picture like that which hangs in this year's Academy? A healthy life, mainly spent in his pretty Surrey home or among the mountains of Wales, Scotland, and Switzerland, has been an admirable safeguard against the onslaughts of Time, and, if anyone doubts that "the enemy" has been routed all along the line, let him glance along "the line" at Burlington House and observe the freshness and vigour that characterise the four landscapes exhibited by Mr. Leader.

But Time (who is known to be capable of all kinds of meanness) has, nevertheless, taken an indirect revenge. Nearly fifty years ago, when the artist, without the aid of any master, was sketching the pretty lanes, timbered cottages, and orchards of his native Worcestershire, he had what to a young aspirant was an extraordinary triumph, for he sold a picture to a landscape-painter.

Artists do not buy pictures out of mere caprice, and it may be taken that the purchaser recognised some remarkable and original qualities in the one he thus acquired. But this triumph was to be followed by another that was still more striking, for, after the young painter had finally abjured the engineering profession and had had some training at the Academy Schools, he was in a position to exhibit four pictures at the Academy, and, of these, two were bought by Academicians. This was in 1858, and the purchasers were

A. ELMORE AND
DAVID ROBERTS.

The patronage of these two artists

was even more gratifying than that of Mr. Gladstone, who, a few years later, was so fascinated by a picture of dark yew-trees in a churchyard that he became its possessor. [In parenthesis, I may state that the most lifelike portrait of Mr. Gladstone ever painted, by the late Thomas J. Gullick, and approved by the great statesman and his wife, is now on view in the Picture Gallery of the Crystal Palace.]

Mr. Leader laboured so hard at landscape-painting that he provided those who love outdoor scenery with a succession of delights, culminating in such works as "February Fill-Dyke," "In the Evening there shall be Light," "With Verdure Clad," and "The Manchester Ship-Canal." Those who had seen the unspeakable hideousness of the works in progress on the Canal were simply astounded at the revelation that it might all become beautiful in the

ROSY LIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN,

and this last picture made no little sensation, confirming Mr. Leader's multitudinous admirers in the opinion that he was *the* landscape-painter

of the day. And here comes the rift in the lute. While the public was buying "Leaders," or reproductions of "Leaders," by the thousand—for in etchings, engravings, and photogravures they have circulated all over the world—the allegiance of artists was falling off. There is a sound reason for this, an obvious one to the student of art. A new school of landscape-painters was coming to the front, and ideas were changing; but Mr. Leader did not change—that is to say, though he acquired increased skill,

HIS METHOD REMAINED THE SAME.

It is a method that has established itself in public affection, and he has adhered to it steadfastly. Moreover, it is undoubtedly the method that expresses his artistic individuality and temperament, and, so far, it is fully justified in his case. In his youthful days it had the elements of freshness; fifty years later it is in danger of being left behind.

Mr. Leader has a tender regard for Nature, and, indeed, an overmastering love for her in all her moods, and this is sufficiently reflected in his pictures. He has, in fact, a more whole-hearted affection for Nature than he has for the modes of expression adopted by the French *plein-air* school, and it is these modes that, for good or ill, have chiefly influenced artists during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Thus, Mr. Leader remains English and individual, and is

LOVED BY THE
AVERAGE BRITON

accordingly. He sees English scenery as it is seen by the sportsman or the tourist—though not, perhaps, as it impresses the modern artist. This may account for his long period of waiting for Academic honours, honours that, if the verdict had lain with the public, would have been showered on him long before. It was not until just on thirty years after he had exhibited his first picture at the Academy that he was elected an Associate, and it was not till after he had exhibited regularly for forty-four years that he became an

"R.A." This was in 1898, when the comment was freely made that the honours he had so long waited for could not in decency be further withheld.

And so Time played an underhand trick on Mr. Leader; but he won in the end—at least, so far as Academic honours were concerned. The real cruelty inflicted by Time is in the diminished regard with which the artist's work is looked on by members of his profession. He has no followers among the coming men, and he has founded no school. But he has the affection of many a true lover of country life, and it is good to know that he goes on painting his glowing sunsets, his evening shadows, his threatening clouds and silvery gleams of light, and his

PLACID ENGLISH RUSTIC SCENERY,

for painting is his pleasure no less than his work. He will continue to practise it, let us hope, and to score off the "enemy," with a persistency equalling that of Titian and Mr. Sidney Cooper.

A. G.



MR. BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER, R.A., PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS LAST WELSH PICTURE.

Photographed in the Great Landscape-painter's Studio by Thomas, Cheapside.

BANK HOLIDAY: UP THE RIVER.



LONDON BRIDGE STARTING POINT: OLD SWAN PIER.



PASSING SOMERSET HOUSE.



CHARING CROSS PIER.



PASSING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



LAMBETH BRIDGE AND PALACE.



BARNES TERRACE.



WAITING TO GO THROUGH TEDDINGTON LOCK.

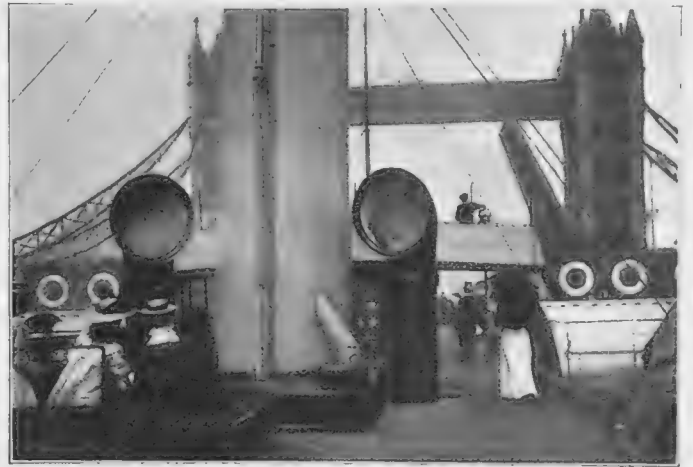


ARRIVAL AT HAMPTON COURT.

BANK HOLIDAY: DOWN THE RIVER BY PALACE STEAMER.



PALACE STEAMERS AT LONDON BRIDGE.



PASSING UNDER THE TOWER BRIDGE.



PASSING THE TOWER OF LONDON.



OFF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.



COMING ON BOARD AT TILBURY.



THE NORE LIGHTSHIP.



SOUTHEND ESPLANADE.



ARRIVAL AT MARGATE JETTY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GENESIS OF A CLOWN.

BY FRED WRIGHT, JUNIOR.



He sat down on the kerb and leaned against the post: it seemed to ease the gnawing pain.

He was spent; instead of tackling the future, he could only wonder heavily how this thing could be. He—Kemble Sim—hungry!

He vaguely thought of his successes in the provinces—his poetic ideals, his love of Art; of how Ambition sent him up to Town, and how Her critics sent him back. And then, how illness, ill-luck, and a bogus manager lost him his hard-won place and

brought him . . . here. He threw back his head and laughed—a cracked laugh that ended in a catch. He'd dreamt of Covent Garden, and woke on the kerbstone. He'd reached for the laurels, and slipped into the gutter!

He had seen managers that day. They'd all been so sorry. His line was Shakspeare? Had he been a "funny man," now! They all wanted "funny men"—new ones! There was the gentle Mr. A., who lay back and smoothly monologued "Art" for ten minutes (rehearsing the impromptu remarks he knew he would be unexpectedly called upon to make that evening), and then "much regretted he had to break off their delightful little chat."

And Mr. B., who was so courteous, and remembered him so well, and rebuked him so mildly for ever leaving Town ("He never made me an offer, though!"), and thought, perhaps, a Complimentary Testimonial Performance might—yes—and was he going to Lady Scotia's "Garden"? Then he tried Mr. C., fat, bluff, and bushy-faced. "My dear boy, what's this, hey? Won't do! Run down. No, not a word about business! Drink this—sound port, hey? Run over to Spa!—come back in six months. Yes, big success, but expenses too heavy! God bless you—! Harris, who's next?"

"Spa! Oh yes!" He laughed until the post he clung to seemed to rock with laughter too. He was on his way to Spa now—he was—by way of this dark alley, where a man could lay himself down, go out decently, and be found in the morning—A gush of light crossed his closed eyelids, and faint music roused him. "That's right!" he muttered; "lime on me, please! 'Mother—am—I—going to die?' Muted Andante: 'Horatio—the Potent Poison'—and—the rest is silence." He laughed again, then his chin dropped on his breast, and he began the treadmill round—

How, how to climb once more? How work his way to fame?

"I will be heard," he thought savagely. "I will! but how—how?"

He dug his hands into his hair and groaned. Then again the gush of light and far off music, and, with the two, a warm, fresh smell that carried him back to his father's farm, hunting for rats in a hayrick. He pulled himself up by his friend the post, and sniffed. "Hay—Stabling!" He shuffled towards the open door, and looked in. A gas-lit passage, leading to harness-hung stalls, with scarlet-coated grooms hurrying across his range of sight.

He turned to a paper pasted on the door-post: "Wanted at once, 100 Ballet and Supers for the Winter Spectacle. Also Grooms and Ring-hands. Breeches found."

He waited for his heavy head to sift things out. This must be the Staff entrance to the Grand Cirque-Hippodrome on the Square, by which he had often driven, but within whose florid walls his sense of Art had never let him enter, and to the door-post of which his sense of Art had left him clinging—hungry! "Supers and Helpers." He pulled himself together and shuffled in.

"Can I see the Manager?"

Now, in the days of Kemble Sim the Commissionaire was not.

The dingy old hall-keeper laid down his paper. "He'll see no one to-night."

Outside, Sim searched his pockets. He had no cards (cards!), but found an envelope—(it had held a bill)—scratched a few words, and went in again.

"Send this to him, please."

"More than my place is worth." And, as there seemed no prospect of a tip, the hall-keeper went on reading.

Kemble Sim stood dumb, then caught at the sleeve of a perspiring groom.

"Will you hand this to the Manager for me?"

The man knuckled his forehead to the voice, till he'd time to take in the frayed surtout. "D'y'e want to get me sacked?" he grinned.

"No," said poor Kemble Sim, holding out his hand.

"I might give it to the call-boy—is it worth a pint?"

"I—haven't got it."

(Another look.) "Well, outer your sub?"

"All right." And both laughed—but one cracked. You can't laugh against to-day's beefsteak and beer on yesterday's herring and bread.

Another wait—he didn't know how long—till he was roused by a solemn boy of few inches and many buttons.

"Business important?"

"Yes." (It was to him.) . . . And he was in the Great Man's presence.

"Mr. Sim? A seat, I suppose? I'm afraid I—" The voice changed. "What?—a mistake, I think; you're not *the* Kemble Sim?" The envelope dropped upon the table.

With a mouth of dry sand, Kemble Sim spoke out.

The Hippodromio was a busy man, an anxious man just then. The season had been a heavy failure. The public seemed wearied of their old favourites, and there was nothing new. To-night meant thousands loss or profit. His annual spectacle was even now being unfolded. Small wonder that, while he listened to the usual story, with a mental note to sack the solemn boy, his mind wandered and his head turned to catch the sound that would tell him his Public had come back to him. The silence made him irritable. He broke in—

"I'm sorry, but I'm full. No, not even super. They've rehearsed for weeks. Producing now. You're no use to me, either. A tragedy actor in a circus! Each to his place. Yes, yes, I know, and I don't doubt you! But *I'm full*." And the pause meant "Go."

The sand in the mouth of Kemble Sim had dried his voice; so he turned the handle dumbly. Useless—even for a circus! His limp hand closed over a coin: "If this is any use—" He turned. "Not to me—unless I earn it."

"Earn it?"

"I want this, but I want to earn it too. Let me do something."

"Young man, you're an actor: this is a circus!"

The sarcasm stung. "If I cannot ride bareback, I can help to move your scenery."

"My good fellow—!"

"I can carry something—do something, not to be a beggar."

"Well," slowly spoke the man of many circuses, watching him with eyes that were said to polish harness by looking at it, "if you like—if you mean it—you might help the grooms to carry in and out—"

"Thanks!"

Hippodromio was less abstracted and his voice less abrupt.

"Mind you, Mr.—er—Sim, even there I'm full. It is only for to-night."

Kemble Sim by now found a slight difficulty in sorting his words, but he said, "I—know. Where—am—I—to—go?" with the help of a little halt between each word.

"That way. Spread the carpet in the arena, rake over the tan, but"—another pause to listen for the roar that meant success, and *would* not come—"I would rather not."

"I prefer to—please."

"H'm! A theatre 'star' with my rake in his hand! Well—"

A whistle at the tube. He picked it up. "*First part nearly over, sir. Nothing touched 'em.*"

The mouth-piece rattled on the table. "This will shut me up!"—and the poor Manager sat down and took a fresh cigar.

A hasty knock, and in ran the Ring-master.

"People going out, Guv'nor—grumbling, complaining nothing new."

"I can't give 'em what isn't to be found." (*Testily.*)

"I know, sir, but—afraid we're a frost *this* journey."

Hippodromio was an old hand, and only bit hard on his cigar. Turning, he saw the sympathetic face of Kemble Sim, and remembered.

"Ah! still in the same mind?"

"If you—please."

"Give him something to do, light and easy; not like *that*. Get a pair of boots and breeches; no, a *dress-suit*—with a kindly little bend—" for Mr. Sim."

Mr. Sim bowed in return ("evening-dress," and he wore a *coloured shirt and front*); and the Manager turned to forecast his losses and chew his cheroot savagely.

Outside—"What's the game?" said the understrapper.

Kemble Sim explained.

"A theatre cull—a tragedy mugger, too—ring-sweepin'," the other grinned and whispered to the fat old "Mother" in the Wardrobe. She stared, with a grin still wider, and hurried from shelves to cupboards.

Kemble Sim held on to the door-knob and swayed; he was feeling deathly sick, and didn't hear the whispers—

"The biggest you've got! Hurry up!"

"A' right! One of them from the 'Giant's Ball,' an' these?"

"Cut the legs short; cod choker?"

"'Ere—this waist-sash; flop boots. Oh lor!"

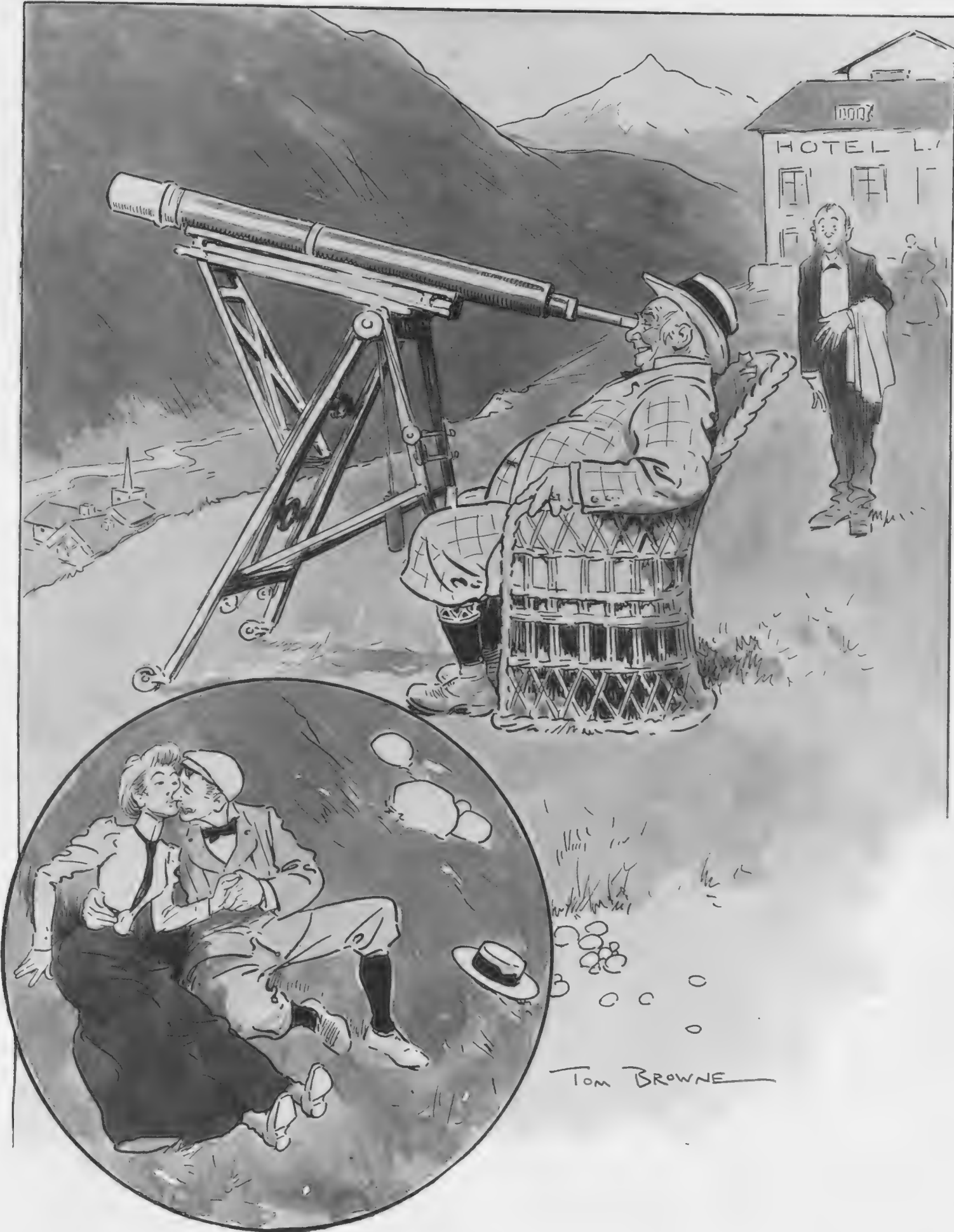
"Quiet! He'll tumble the game."

"I'll pass word to the boys; they'll give the mug a doin'."

"I must come down an' see this! Flour his face well."

"No, that 'ud put 'im up to it! Just a touch o' roodj!" And Kemble Sim was pushed into an empty stall, and told "The change followed this, so look sharp!"

He slowly pulled off his coat—he had no vest—and waited till his head would let him stoop to unlace his boots. It was very dim, and the braying of the band and the cries of the "Mecca Troupe of Arabs" in the ring came dully to his ear—seemed miles away. Once, the brazen row stopped, and the cries too. Then the still darkness made him hold his breath and listen for something besides the thumping of his heart.



SKETCHED AT WHITSUNTIDE—FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

How was he to know there should have been no silence—that the pause was on a “picture,” one of the “tableaux” formed by the “Sons of the Pyramids,” and should have been filled in by that applause for which Hippodromio before his desk still sat waiting—waiting?

Kemble Sim didn't know this, so, when the band tamely struck up, and the “Sons of the Pyramids” (cursing in sound Birmingham amongst themselves) went on piling themselves into facsimiles of their fathers, he slowly slipped his boots and fingered his braces.

No, he wouldn't strip. These things: out of a musty wardrobe—didn't he well know that weird odour? Perhaps they'd go over his own. The last time he'd “dressed” it had been for “Hamlet”—his benefit; he'd lost two-pounds-twelve over it. Well, this time he *would* be half-a-crown in pocket. That music—he had to keep time to it, and, swaying to a brassy galop, he sorted the trousers out of the heap by touch. They seemed wrong, somehow; something was the matter, either large or small, but—his head was off again . . . and he'd only to earn his money, anyway.

He rolled his own things over his knees, drew the white stockings over them, and pulled the tight trousers over all. As he stooped for the boots (Surely they were absurdly large! Why had that woman chosen these?), the band stopped again, and his mind could work in peace. Why hadn't he a white shirt on? His false front had a frayed frill and kept working loose. How the hay smelt! And, as he stooped to feel for the other boot, he was a boy again in his father's barn, groping under the fodder for his book of Shakspeare's plays—how he had *grovelled* in it, and how he had been thrashed! He laughed softly at the poor, foolish lad who had run away from home, and shook his head at him.

Then his head shook *him*—badly.

Somehow, somebody helped him into something, his hand was closed upon something else, some other thing was done to his face and hair, and sometime or other someone was told to “stand steady, and look lively now.”

A blare of music, and (Oh, Wardrobe Mother! you had done your work well!), in the trousers of a David, coat of a Goliath, waistcoat to his knees, flying dickey showing cotton shirt below, huge tie-bow, hair in a peak, face death-white, blind—deaf—staggering—Kemble Sim was pushed into a heaving sea of light, gas-jets, and faces turned towards him, and, dimly conscious he was before his patrons and his public, drew himself erect, and bowed.

In dead silence the First Part had just finished. Of the huge audience, many yawned, some hissed, a few left. The red-coated grooms grunted asides to each other as they ran to and fro. The Ring-master, under his professional smile, swore softly as he thought of the rise of screw he had been going to ask, and the Many Headed grew more and more restless.

Strangers turned to each other in common anger, and the bubbles of talk rose faster and faster, thus—

“What do *you* think of it? Isn't it a swindle? The same old faces—not a thing that's new, or fresh, or spicy, nothing to *wake us up*. Look at the programme, a-a-a-u-ugh! We've seen them all so often—the clockwork clowns, the bareback riders, the acrobats. Pish! I shan't come *here* again! Where are the novelties they promised? Where's something new, something *new*? Let's go! Let's have the Manager out—let's hiss him—let's break up the seats! S—s—s! S—s—s!”

Then was seen a miracle—the rising tide stayed by a dust-whisk!

In the gallery, a fat old lady sucking an orange laughed suddenly, swallowed a pip, and coughed out, “Oh lor! Look there!”

As one man, the sullen crowd turned to look at her, and back to follow the outstretched orange. Round the ring ran a crescendo, “Where?” “Why, there! Look! That man in black!”

“What's he doing there—among the grooms? He's bowing! It's to us. He's going to speak.”

“No, he isn't; he's forgotten his part!”

“He's carrying a chair! What's that for?”

“Watch him! Watch him!”

“Look at his coat, and little boy's trousers! What thin legs! Lift Tommy up. Look, Tommy, at the funny man in black with the silly white face—Ha, ha, ha!—as if he were lost! How stiff and straight he walks! Now he's stopping, and bows again.”

“Oh! Good! Ha, ha, ha!”—and a sudden laugh broke out.

“What was it? I can't see! Tell me—tell us behind!”

“Well, don't push! Those two, carrying that table, ran right into him and sent him rolling over, and he just sat up and looked at them so funnily!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”—another laugh, and, at the sound, the refreshment-bars were emptied, and people ran back, wondering, and stumbled to their seats in haste.

“Look now! Here, stand on this seat! He's up again, and still carrying the chair. Why won't he put it down?”

“He has now—on the carpet; now he's dropped into it! Oh, bravo!”

“Ha, ha, ha! They've jerked away the carpet, and over he's gone!”

“Ha, ha!” a louder shout of laughter rang out, and even the *blasé* band hung over the rail.

“He's sitting up now, dusting his funny clothes, and still hanging on to that chair.”

“Look at his hair—full of the sawdust; and his face—solemn as a funeral, or a tragedy actor's at the theatre! Ain't he a treat?”

“I say, Maud, this fellow's rattling, so different to those painted, baggy chaps! Bra-vo!”

“Watch him! He's trying to help! He doesn't know how—he gets in the way—so they're pushing him about! He's tangled in the chair—he's *over*!” (Another roar.)

“Oh, my poor sides! He can't get up—his foot's through the chair-back—bra—! Now he's up again, and running about with that silly old chair! Put it down! Put it down! Oh! he has—on that man's toes!” (Another roar.)

“He's down—No, not that time! He's—he's tripped over that hoop! Ha! *he's down again*!”—a greater roar—“he's tangled up in it, and burst the paper—bits of it all over him! Now the hoop-thing's round his waist, and they're dragging him about by it—Oh dear, my poor sides! (*Tommy's crying? Says he can't see? You hold him up, my dear; I'm too*—) Oh! look at him—all mixed up—” (“*Don't lean on me, Ma'am!*” “*Can't help it, it's so—Ha, ha, ha!*”)

Even the circus people are laughing.

“Now he's standing by himself! Look at him, with his hands to his head, and his ugly, frightened face! Sh—shsh! They're creeping up behind him! He's tumbled down—they're rolling him up in the carpet—they're carrying it out, with him struggling in the middle of it—and, yes—he's still carrying that silly chair! Hooray! Bray-ro! What name? Where's the programme? Hooray! (Clap, Tommy!) Oh! oh! Hoo-oo-ray! Have him out again! Have out the Funny Man! Ho-o-o-o-o-r-a-y!”

The Manager was there waiting, and caught him.

“Drink this. Better now?”

“What?—What did I do?”

“Listen to them, that'll tell you! Why didn't you tell me you had an Act like this?”

Kemble Sim's breath began to come easier. “I'll—go now—” He tried to rise.

The Ring-master whispered, “They're eating his show, sir. Hear 'em!”

Kemble Sim stood up, panting still, “Let me—change—my clothes.”

“No, no! Listen; the Donkey Act's on now; they're hissing it. Go in and do it again.”

“Do what again?”

“What you did—what you like—all you can!”

And, with a great rake in his hand, he was hustled again into the arena, while the Manager, breathlessly peeping, hoped in fits, and bit his cigar in two.

The hissing stopped, and the House rose and roared a welcome. Kemble Sim didn't hear it, but stood, wondering at the uproar, and why he was out here again; hadn't he done enough to earn his dole? “Couldn't they *see* he'd tried to help, that he was tired-out—these well-fed bullies—that they ground the last farthing value out of him?” his tortured nerves cried out; and, in a fit of blind rage, he fell to raking like a madman.

A scream of delight from the audience; he'd torn the leg of the Ring-master's trousers clean down from the knee!

He could only stand and look at it—appalled; but the old stager, pretending to bully him, whispered, “That's all right, he'll pay; go on, you're knocking 'em! You're going great! When I turn my back, rip my coat off!”

He didn't hear, but rushed to where the grooms were busiest. Lifting, pulling, carrying; he tried to help, but they were ready for him, and the House rocked hysterically as he was hustled about—always too late—winding up in banners—tripping over hoops—baulking bareback riders—bungling the garlands—tangling the flying rings—catching invisible wires—getting his head through rungs of ladders—falling off sets of steps—all with a tragic earnestness that melted the sourest groom and set the house into convulsions of weeping laughter.

He vaguely wondered at it all, but with only a feeling of helpless rage at his uselessness; and at last, when everybody was carrying out his burthen and there was nothing left for him, he broke down and cried—this cultured gentleman—and, in a fit of bitter self-mockery, seized the coat-tails of a laden groom and carried them out behind him, like a Court Page!

The Manager took him into the Ring again, and held him up, while he bowed as he was bidden; then lifted him and carried him away. And, at this last exquisite bit of fooling, the Public roared and roared again!

It had found its Toy!

The Manager wiped his brow, and softly said, “*Well—I'm—damned!*”

Next morning, Kemble Sim lay in the Manager's spare bed, while that man of many circuses drew up a generous contract, saying, “Drain the glass, Mr. Sim; never mind spilling it. Sign here. I'll make a fortune out of you; you'll make one out of me. Tom, open another bottle.”

And the founder of a new line of Clowns lay back and shut his eyes. He had won. Fame had come to him, at last. His “Art,” his “Art”—and something that was not a wine-drop soaked into his pillow.

So to Kemble Sim, scholar, student, and “star,” to Kemble Sim *the* Hamlet, Romeo, and Orlando, alias “Solemn Silence the King of Clowns,” came at last—

Success.

Quaint thing Success, isn't it?



THE MODERN DUEL.

SMALL MAN: Yes, Sir; he's a contemptible scoundrel, and I told him so!

BIG MAN: Did he knock you down?

SMALL MAN: No; I told him—er—through the telephone.

CORONATION CURIOSITIES.

QUIDNUNCS are whispering that the King wants to revive some of the ancient glories of the Coronation. No doubt, the last two ceremonies, especially the last but one, were particularly humdrum. On the present occasion there is plenty of time for planning and preparation, and it is therefore to be hoped that the ceremony of crowning King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra next year will be in every respect the grandest that modern skill can devise.

The following curious narratives of the mode of

MAKING KNIGHTS OF THE BATH ON CORONATION EVE

and of the subsequent proceedings at Coronations five centuries ago are amusingly interesting; but I do not pretend to say that they are commendable as precedents for revival in these prosaic times.

A Coronation would not have been complete without the creation of a number of young noblemen as Knights of the Bath. The

MANNER OF THEIR INITIATION

was in this wise, the phraseology being modernised just enough to render the account intelligible—

"First, the King and Sovereign lorde writeth oute letters unto certain squires of this realm and desiring them to make ready to receive the high and worshipful Order of Knighthood.

"Then, on the evening of the day of investiture, all the squires that shall be made knights shall come all together to the King's palace in the Tower, and then the officers of the King's house shall bring them into the King's presence, and then shall they help to serve the King's dinner, and then there shall be assigned to every squire a place for his bed and his bath.

"Then shall come the King's barber and shall shave all the squires, and each of them shall pay twenty shillings, and shall order for his bath 24 ells of linen cloth, and that shall the King's barber have for his fee. Then shall the said

SQUIRES GO INTO THEIR BATHS,

and the heralds-at-arms shall go and tell the King, who will direct the Steward of the Household to take with him other lords and knights to give the squires their charge as they sit in their baths.

"Then shall the Steward come, with the lords, knights, heralds, and minstrels, to the chamber-door of the squires, and the lords, knights, and heralds go in, and a knight shall give the charge in this wise—

"Brother, the King wills that you take this high and worshipful Order upon you, and I, as a knight, do declare unto you certain points, to wit: Ye shall love God above all things; ye shall be steadfast in the faith, and sustain the Church; ye shall be true unto your Sovereign lord, and true unto your word and promise; and ye shall be secret in what ought to be kept. Ye shall sustain widows and maidens in their rights and succour them whatever time they shall require you. Also, ye shall sit in no place where, to your knowledge, wrong judgment shall be given. Also, ye shall suffer no murders of the King's people, nor suffer extortions in the country where ye dwell, but shall put the doers in the hands of Justice."

"Then the knight shall take up water in his hand from the bath, and with it make a cross on the squire's left shoulder before and behind, and kiss it, saying, 'God send you as much worship as ever had any of your kin.' And this must be done unto every squire as he sitteth in his bath.

"Then, all being charged, they shall rise and dress themselves

IN HERMIT'S ARRAY OF COLCHESTER RUSSET,

and go into the chapel and be in their prayers till the morning, when at 8 of the clock they shall attend mass, offering a taper with a penny sticking therein as near the light as may be.

"After mass, the raiment to be changed as follows: First, the squire shall put on a doublet, with black hose, a coat of red tartan, and a white leathern girdle, without a buckle; then he must have a white coif on his head, and a red silk mantle trimmed or purfled about with ermine on his shoulders, and fastened with a white lace, to which must be attached a pair of gloves. Then the chamberlains shall take the squires' swords with the scabbards of white leather and gilt spurs hanging on the sword-hilts, and lead the squires to their horses, and so mounted go to the King's presence, where the spurs shall be put on their heels by a knight, and the King shall gird the new knights with their swords.

"Then each squire putteth both his thumbs within the lace of his mantle and lifteth his arms up over his head.

THEN THE KING

puts both his own hands in the arms of the novitiate and embraces him, kisses him, and plucks him by the neck, saying, 'Be a good knight,' and so of all the rest.

"On going out of the chapel, the new-made knights are met by the King's master-cook, who tells them that it is his office to let them know that, if either of them is untrue to the King or to the Order, he, as master-cook, must

SMITE OFF THE HEEL AND SPURS OF THE OFFENDING KNIGHT, by the small of the leg.

"Thus warned, they are taken to the banqueting-hall, where they see the Sovereign dine, but they get no food themselves. They then do off their garments, which the heralds take as their fee. There is another change of apparel, in which garb they pay their homage to the King, 'and then all the new-made knights may do what them likis, for all is done and ended.'"

In connection with these ancient ceremonies, it is to be remarked that they formed part of the Coronation formalities till the reign of Charles II., after which time there were but few creations of Knights of the Bath till 1735, when George I. revived the Order in all its former splendour. The Statutes were re-issued, and the singular ceremonies were restored with all their quaint allegorical details; and annually, on Coronation Days, Oct. 20, the Knights assembled in the Abbey, where a Chapter was held and Divine Service performed in Henry the Seventh's lovely Chapel, each Knight sitting in his stall fully robed, with his banner hanging overhead.

In 1847, the constitutions of the Order were altered, and, instead of being purely military, it was opened to civilians, and the tubbing and the dubbing are now both extinct.

From a document contemporary with the foregoing I transcribe

THE MANNER AND FORM OF THE CORONATION OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

After instructions for the preparation of the King's seats in Westminster Hall and in the Abbey, the orders proceed to direct that—

"The day of the Coronation the Prince that shall be crowned shall be lift up into the royal seat in the hall; but first he shall be bathed, and, after the bath, then shall be supplied to him a new shirt and a coat of silk opened to the breast between the shoulders in the midst of the arms; and above the coat he shall be clothed with other noble vestments, and he shall wear hosen without shoes.

"In the procession to the Abbey the Barons of the Five Ports shall bear the four spears painted, with silver bells and overgilt, with cloth of silver above, fastened to the shafts, over the King's head or the Queen's.

"When the Prince hath rested him a little, then the

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

at four parts of the pulpit [dais], with a high voice shall enquire the will of the people as touching the King's Coronation, and that while shall the Prince stand on his throne and turn himself to the people on all sides.

"Then, descending from his throne, the King shall offer at the altar a cloth of gold; fulfilling the precept, 'Look ye, appear not void nor empty in the presence and sight of the Lord God.'

"When he hath made this oblation, he shall lie down flat on the pavement before the altar upon cushions and cloths of silk royally arranged till the Archbishop hath said the orison over him.

"After the anointing and crowning, the King receives the royal ring, and then a pair of gloves, and, taking the sceptre with the cross in his right hand and the rod in his left, he is blessed by the Archbishop, and the King then kisses the bishops.

"After Mass the King shall be

LED TO ST. EDWARD'S SHRINE,

where the crown shall be taken off and placed with the other regalia on the altar, and then there the Archbishop shall put another crown on the King's head, which he shall wear to the palace. If the Queen also is crowned, there shall be a procession, the anointing being only on the top of the head 'with the cream in the manner of a cross.'

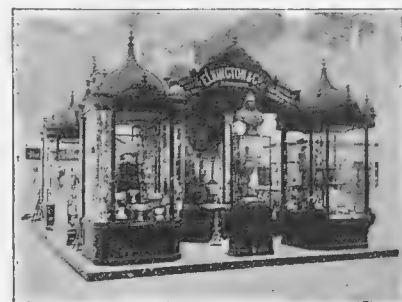
"The Archbishop shall ask the King the same day if he will 'hold, grant, and keep the laws and customs granted to his people of old as righteous and devout Kings had done beforehand; and if he will swear it, and if he will maintain the laws, customs, and liberties of the

GLORIOUS KING EDWARD

to the people and clergy.'" The King having pledged his oath that he will do so, the oath is repeated in French and administered. Then the order enumerates the principal officials and their various duties, from which it appears that "The Duke of York and his heirs shall bear the Crown of the King and of the Queen in their Coronation."

ELKINGTON AND CO.'S EXHIBIT AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

The cases containing the collection are of very distinguished character and well worthy of inspection. There are five principal cases, one at each corner of the stand, and the fifth, a larger case, placed in the



ELKINGTON AND CO.'S EXHIBIT AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

centre of the group. Each of the four corner-cases is devoted to a special form of plate. The first is strictly confined to the ordinary hotel and steamship goods. The case at the opposite corner is confined to the ordinary household plate. In the third corner-case, near the Dome, is a magnificent array of punch-bowl services, race-cups, &c. The central edifice is surmounted by a gorgeous punch-bowl, supported by jugs of a similar character, designed in the Elizabethan character; they are indeed of "rich and exquisite form," "most rarely and exactly wrought." The beautiful Celtic Service consists of punch-bowl, jugs, and goblets to match. The grand Elgin Service comprises similar articles, all being adorned with replicas of the celebrated basso-relievos brought to England by Lord Elgin in the early part of the nineteenth century.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S LYCEUM REVIVALS.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S new series of grand Lyceum revivals is an even more interesting one than hitherto, so varied is the selection. The said series started with "Robespierre," which will be repeated nightly till June 7, excepting to-night (Wednesday), when Sir Henry will give his wonderful impersonations of the murderous Mathias in "The Bells" and the nonagenarian Corporal Brewster in "A Story of Waterloo." "Madame Sans-Gêne" (in which Miss Ellen Terry is so delightful) will commence a few nights' fresh lease of life on June 10, and on the 19th and 26th of that month our leading actor-manager will give his thrilling performance of Lesurques, the falsely accused hero, and Duboseq, the brutal robber and assassin—a marvellous *tour de force*—in "The Lyons Mail." On Midsummer night, Sir Henry will revive the late W. G. Wills's long-slumbering historical play, "Charles the First." This is to be replaced on July 1 by "Louis the Eleventh." "The Merchant of Venice" (wherein both Sir Henry and Miss Ellen Terry are seen at their very best) will be revived for a single matinée—namely, on July 6. "Coriolanus"—one of Sir Henry Irving's grandest productions in a *mise-en-scène* sense—is to be revived for some nights ere the present Lyceum season ends, a few days before the August Bank Holiday. A few weeks after this, Sir Henry Irving and Co. will go on a short provincial tour prior to re-embarking for America, where they will play until the following spring. Then they will return to the Lyceum to open in a new historical play.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE

will finish his present season at Her Majesty's next Saturday, and will, on the following Monday, start touring at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Tree's repertory will consist of "The Red Lamp" and "Trilby," with (for after-pieces) "The Ballad-Monger" and "Katherine and Petruchio," in one Act.

Mr. Tree would fain have taken his magnificent production of "Twelfth Night" on tour but for the fact that the *mise-en-scène*, with its wonderfully realistic garden wherein Malvolio is befooled, is far too heavy to "carry," as touring folk say. Mr. Tree's new touring repertory is, as will be seen, very strong; moreover, it will be found to afford excellent scope for Mr. Tree's really extraordinary versatility.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT HER MAJESTY'S.

For some few weeks from next Monday (June 3), Her Majesty's, which, as Mr. Tree has pointed out, is "not an annexe" to the Carlton Hotel, will be occupied by Madame Sarah Bernhardt and the M. Coquelin, who will play striking selections from their respective "creations," under the management of the famous American impresario, Mr. Maurice Grau. "L'Aiglon" will, of course, be one of La Bernhardt's very strongest cards.

When the Bernhardt-Coquelin season at Her Majesty's is over, Mr. Tree will return thereto, and will, I am informed, at once proceed either to revive "Twelfth Night" or to give another most interesting production. But, whichever masterpiece Mr. Tree may select for his re-entry to Her Majesty's, that piece will be only a stop-gap, as it were, until he produces on a marvellously grand scale a piece written by Mr. Stephen Phillips around the late lamented Homer's "Odyssey."

By the way, the poet Phillips is probably somewhat sorry by this time that he so freely unburdened himself to his worshipper, Mr. William Archer, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, especially on the matter of critics—as he understands them.

THE SAVOY AND "THE EMERALD ISLE."

Since my last week's paragraphs concerning the future of the Savoy Theatre, it has been decided that Mrs. D'Oyly Carte shall next Quarter Day (June 24, to wit) hand over the lease of that long and deservedly popular playhouse to Mr. William Greet. Mr. Greet, as *The Sketch* pointed out last week, had for many months desired to acquire the Savoy and all its appurtenances for himself and partner, Mr. E. C. Englebach.

In the meantime, "The Emerald Isle," as written by Captain Basil Hood and set to music by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Edward German, is drawing tremendous business. And, mark you, the said business is not only in connection with the booking, but also as regards

the bars, where, I am officially informed, this Hibernian opera has caused quite an extensive demand for Irish whisky rather than for Scotch.

Speaking of "The Emerald Isle," I this week present several other and later photographs of the principals in this delightfully dainty opera. These pictures include Mr. Jones Hewson (the Lord-Lieutenant) and Miss Rosina Brandram as the "L-L's" "toney" wife; Mr. Walter Passmore as the Election-teaching "Sassenach Spy," Professor Bunn; Mr. Robert Evett as the Irish "rebel," Terence, stealing a secret interview with the Lord-Lieutenant's lovely English daughter, as represented by the beautiful (and now betrothed) Miss Isabel Jay; and Mr. H. A. Lytton as the sometime supposed blind fiddler, Murphy, and the fascinating Miss Louie Pounds as that fiddler's *fiancée*, Molly, surely the kindest and comeliest colleen ever seen on any stage since the still wonderfully young-looking Mrs. Dion Boucicault (mother of the Dion who is to marry the sweet Miss Irene Vanbrugh) first played Eily O'Connor, Arrah-Na-Pogue, and suchlike "darlins."

"THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS."

It seems a curious experiment to turn an able one-act play, such as "The Sacrament of Judas," into a three-act drama; and, without Mr. Forbes-Robertson to play the rôle of the unfrocked priest, there might have been some peril in the adventure, particularly seeing that

there is but one female character in the piece, in which respect the work must be almost unique. However, with a work written in excellent style, such a company as Mr. Robertson's can do wonders, and it was not surprising that all should be curious and anxious to see how his pretty bride, Miss Gertrude Elliott, would succeed in the very heavy task allotted to her.

MR. LEWIS WALLER, IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."

Mr. Du Maurier's piece, produced with great success at the handsome Coronet Theatre, is a capital specimen of the sword-and-cape drama. In essence, it is admittedly our old friend "Maritana," and one is disposed to sigh for the somewhat hackneyed music of Wallace. To the general playgoer, however, the story may seem new as well as vigorous in its clever stage-effects. Mr. Du Maurier has done his work wisely, and he has avoided many pitfalls.

In "A Royal Rival" there is no perilous effort at psychology, no straining after subtlety, no dangerous desire to combine literature and drama. Yet, at the same time, he is modern in avoidance of long soliloquies. Perhaps the play would not read very well in print—alas, there are not very many English readers for the plays that survive the ordeal of the printing-press!—but it acts well. Mr. Lewis Waller, as Don César de Bazan, has another "Three Musketeers" part—indeed, a rather richer part than before—and plays it inimitably in his well-known fashion; his acting was full of vigour and clearly defined character, and his humorous scenes were as effective as the romantic: part and player seemed perfectly fitted

for one another. Miss Lily Hanbury was charming as Marita—once, indeed, Maritana—if more successful in the scenes as Countess than Gipsy. A "hit" was made by Miss Haidée Wright in the boy-part of Lazarello—now Pedro. Mr. William Mollison, who presented the King, accomplished ably a rather difficult task. The comic relief was entrusted to Mr. Robson and Miss Minnie Griffen, who won hearty laughter.

MISS CORALIE BLYTHE,

sweet singer, graceful dancer, and dainty actress, has a charming part as Wrenne, Samuel Twanks's daughter, in "The Silver Slipper," to be produced next Saturday, June 1, at the Lyric Theatre. Playgoers have always been charmed with Miss Blythe whenever she has appeared at the Metropolitan theatres. She will readily be remembered at Daly's as Iris, the "Greek Slave," and as San Toy and as Dudley in "San Toy"; while at the Gaiety she was delightful for her singing of "Maisie is a Daisy," and she made a decided success previously as Winifred Grey in "A Runaway Girl."

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR'S NEW PLAY.

A very important play-production is due next Saturday night (June 1) at Mr. Penley's Great Queen Street Theatre, which is, in future, to be called after his own name. This production is not connected with Mr. Penley himself, for he will not reappear there until the autumn.



MISS CORALIE BLYTHE, WHO WILL PLAY WRENNE, TWANKS'S DAUGHTER, IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walerly, Baker Street, W.

It is, in point of fact, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's new play that will start a run there on June 1, the date on which a certain gallant warrior—whose name escapes me *pro tem*—fell full soon, and “bade the rest keep fighting.” The new play which the Hibernian “Tay Pay’s” gifted American wife has prepared for this production is a satirical Society comedy, intitled “A Lady from Texas.” Its leading character, the name-part, is an American millionairess, which is to be played by the dashing Miss Kitty Cheatham, who is, at least, an American, if not a millionairess. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, always as far-seeing as she is fascinating, has also shrewdly selected her other “principals,” for they include Mr. Leonard Boyne, as a kind of up-to-date Lovelace; Mr. C. M. Lowne, as a Peer who is old enough to know better; Mr. Marsh Allen, as a young and beautiful soldier; the lovely Miss Cynthia Brooke, as a sort of *femme incompromise*; Miss Kate Phillips, and Mrs. Onslow (wife of Colonel Onslow), and Mr. Charles Cartwright, who will not only enact the character of a stern politician possessing what is described as a “super-sensitive wife,” but will also “produce” the piece for the brilliant Mrs. “Tay Pay”—to whom we all, of course, heartily wish all good luck.

A NEW LIFE OF ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, who is preparing a biography of Miss Ellen Terry, has not only the assistance of the distinguished actress, but her admission that, as she supposed someone would “do her life,” she would rather he than anyone else did it. The whole Terry family are interesting themselves in Mr. Pemberton’s work, to which Sir Henry Irving will furnish information and illustrations which could not otherwise be obtained. Three years ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Charles Hiatt gave us “Ellen Terry and Her Impersonations.” The new Life will be on somewhat different lines from this. That it will be authoritative and exhaustive—and certainly of exceptional interest—is assured from the fact that Mr. Pemberton’s undertaking has received Miss Terry’s *imprimatur*.

MR. AND MRS. TERRY.

Those who have imagined that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry’s next new production will be clever Miss Clo. Graves’s rhymed verse-play, written around Pope’s poem, “The Rape of the Lock,” are in error. Their next new production—which they will not want until after their return from a six months’ tour, starting in August—will be a play written by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Boyle Lawrence, and entitled “The Heel of Achilles.” Mr. and Mrs. Terry have also secured several other new plays, including “The Chancellor,” by Enoch A. Bennett; “Lady Betty Singleton,” by Clyde Fitch; and “The Little Huguenot,” founded by Mr. Max Pemberton on his powerful story of the same name.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry’s able business manager, Mr. R. G. Legge, has just published (per that old-established firm, Miles, of Wardour Street) an excellent little volume of poems which are now theatrical and, anon, theological. This booklet, called “Vagrom Verse and Ragged Rhymes,” affords yet another proof not only of this actor-author-acting-manager’s skilfulness of versification, but also of his fancy and his force.

MR. LANDON RONALD.

Mr. Landon Ronald’s first orchestral work, “Suite de Ballet,” produced at Queen’s Hall last November, and now a popular feature in programmes all over the country, and even in Germany, was so full of promise of further brilliant achievement that naturally the musical world was interestedly looking forward to the production of Mr. Landon Ronald’s newest orchestral work, which was produced at the Philharmonic Society’s concert on last Thursday evening, the 23rd of May. It

is a song-cycle entitled “Summertime,” and consists of four songs, “Daybreak,” “Morning,” “Evening,” and “Night,” and these were sung by Mr. Ben Davies, for whom they were specially written. Mr. Landon Ronald was a pupil of the Royal School of Music. He first came before the public on the occasion of his wonderfully sympathetic pianoforte accompaniment to “L’Enfant Prodigue,” which he played from memory at the four hundred and fifty performances of that piece. It is also interesting to know that Madame Melba specially selected Mr. Landon Ronald as her accompanist for her great American tour, when Mr. Ronald conducted the largest orchestras in the United States.

Mr. Ronald has also conducted at Covent Garden under Sir Augustus Harris, who appointed him *maestro di piano*, a post which he held up to the great impresario’s death. Mr. Landon Ronald has just completed an orchestral concert overture for Mr. Henry J. Wood for performance at the Queen’s Hall next August, and he has been invited to give an orchestral concert of his own works the same month at Harrogate.

Mr. Landon Ronald is musical director at the Lyric Theatre.

MM. BOURCHIER AND BOUCICAULT.

Mr. Leveaux writes me as follows from the Garrick Theatre: “In your issue of May 15 you refer to the partnership of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Arthur Bouchier. As Mr. Bouchier’s Manager and personal representative, will you permit me to state that no partnership exists or has ever existed between Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Bouchier”? Sorry, sorry! Can’t say more than that—sorry!

YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE EMPIRE.

Madame Guilbert, looking plump and very well after her long illness, enjoyed a triumph at the Empire when she appeared last week. Her work shows no advance, no novelty, but still remains of remarkable quality. Perhaps her repertoire was not altogether satisfactory. Certainly none of her songs then rendered is likely to “catch on.” The legend of St. Nicholas and the wicked butcher is pleasing; and “Ma Tête,” a grim, ugly study of the Paris “Hooligan”—a far more terrible creature than his London *confrère*—is remarkably powerful. But genius is wasted on

singing such stuff as “Mary was a Housemaid,” and not very profitably used in the quaint song called “Partie Carrée,” which is funny, without, however, escaping the reproach of vulgarity. Why did not the admirable *diseuse* give us some more Beranger ballads? Her rendering of the one with the refrain “Combien je regrette” is quite one of the critic’s precious memories. Pardon the caricature for its cleverness.

ANOTHER WAUCHOPE MEMORIAL.

Civilians and military men alike unite in thinking that a befitting honour has been done to the memory of General Wauchope, the commander of the Highland Brigade who fell at Magersfontein, by the placing of a stained-glass window in the Moray Aisle of St. Giles’s Cathedral, Edinburgh. The window is illustrative of the story of David and Jonathan, and was unveiled on Monday by the Earl of Leven and Melville, as His Majesty’s Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Scottish Church. To all who knew Andy Wauchope, as he was familiarly called among his soldier comrades, the following words, inscribed underneath the window, will appeal as singularly appropriate: “To the glory of God, and in memory of Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., of Niddrie Marischal, a brave soldier, a true patriot, a humble Christian, and a man greatly beloved.”



YVETTE GUILBERT (NOW APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE).

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THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Rule of the Road—The "Quadrant" Chainless—Watering of the Streets in London.

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 29, 9.1; Thursday, 9.2; Friday, 9.3; Saturday, June 1, 9.5; Sunday, 9.6; Monday, 9.7; Tuesday, 9.8.

One feels almost ashamed at there being any necessity, at this time of day, to refer to the rule of the road. Whenever we meet a cart rumbling along on the wrong side, we are inclined to express our opinion in no complimentary terms about the driver. But cyclists themselves often flagrantly break the ordinary rules. The "scorching" crowd like to slip past a brother cyclist or a cart on the inner side instead of passing on the right. In regard to the turning of corners, it is a marvel more accidents do not occur. Ladies, I am sorry to say, are the chief offenders. They generally hug the right side of the road when about to turn to the right, so that, if any cyclist were coming the other way and wanted to enter the road, the avoidance of an accident would be difficult. I must say, though not wanting to be ungallant, that lady cyclists are rather selfish. I frequently go a ride through suburbs, and, if I overtake two or three men riding together, the slight tinkling of my bell

was that in the bevel-gear there was a tremendous strain on the metal, which snapped and so caused mishaps; and, further, that, after a certain amount of wear, the machine ran jerkily. This is true enough. In the "Quadrant," however, which adopts Lloyd's patent, the gear is an exceedingly clever arrangement of double rollers playing on one another, so that the pressure is direct and not slanting, as in the bevel-gear chainless. At the same time, the rollers give a yield without any loss of power. I dislike gear-cases, and riding with an uncovered chain leads to constant trouble in dusty and foul weather. Therefore, to my mind, one of the first advantages of the chainless is that there is no worry in regard to dust. The "Quadrant" I have ridden makes a little rattle, which sounds strange to the ear at first, but no more strange than does the "click-click" of the cyclometer to the ear of a man who has previously not used one of these instruments. The "Quadrant" is an admirable machine, and it is fitted with the fastest-going free-wheel device that I know. I have been out with plenty of free-wheelists, and I have always been able to run away from my companions.

There is to be another crusade this summer against the watering of the streets in London. I have never felt inclined to join in this agitation, for, although I recognise that excessive watering is bad, producing a greasy surface, and therefore setting a premium on side-slips, it has not



THE MISSES LEADER (DAUGHTERS OF THE CELEBRATED R.A.) OFF FOR A MORNING RIDE TO GUILDFORD. MR. AND MRS. LEADER ARE IN THE DOORWAY. (A STUDIO STUDY OF THE DISTINGUISHED R.A. APPEARS ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

will induce them to draw to their proper side and allow me to pass. If, however, I overtake three ladies on the road, it requires much ringing before I can persuade them to move to one side or the other, and then the tendency is, instead of moving to the left, for one or two of them to edge on each side, and allow me to ride between. This is an experience, I fancy, of every man who frequently rides round about London.

As regards the general traffic, there is a great temptation, when one overtakes a cart, to slip past to the left of it. It is a temptation, however, to be avoided. If that cart suddenly moved into the kerb, and the cyclist received a nasty upset, he alone would be to blame. The only occasion on which one is justified in breaking the recognised rule of the road is when passing a tramcar. There is no fear of its swerving to the left, whereas, if you attempt to pass it, according to strict rule, on the right, there is a possibility of meeting another car, or having to go right over to the wrong side, and so come in contact with traffic from the opposite direction.

For several weeks I have been riding a "Quadrant" chainless. I have on this page urged that one of the reasons the chainless bicycle has not been more ardently taken up in this country is because of British conservatism and tendency to think that what is useful at present cannot be improved upon. The chief objection made against chainless bicycles

been my experience that roads are excessively watered. Here and there, of course, one finds it is so, and it is the nature of humanity to judge the whole from the worst. The watering of the streets is useful, and, so long as it is not done to excess, we have got no right to grumble. In regard to watering of tram-lines, that is another matter. The tram companies douse the metals with a great deal too much water. Their object is to provide easier running for the cars, to lessen the strain on the horses, and, so far, their action is laudable and good. It is not the running of water on the rails that we should cry out against, but the reckless and excessive way in which it is put on. The stones on each side the metals become greasy—they do not absorb the water in the way an ordinary macadamised road would—and he is a clever rider indeed who can come across one of these greasy patches without a qualm of fear that he will have an upset. The tramway companies might be approached, not in an aggressive, bullying way, but reasonably, and I dare say they would be willing enough to accede to wheelmen's requests not to be so liberal with water, because I am sure the offence is one of lack of thought rather than through intention. It is the same in respect to the building of metals above the level of the roadway. These are laid without any thought of the convenience of other people. No harm is intended, and yet there is probably nothing so dangerous to the cyclist as these tram-lines sticking an inch above the ordinary surface.—J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Derby.

The Epsom crowd will be as apparent as ever on Derby Day, but it is to be regretted that our gracious Sovereign will not be on the Downs this year. I think there will be a good race for the Derby on June 5. Still, I cannot find anything to beat Volodyovski, who has, I am glad to say, returned to his very best two-year-old form. In a recent chat I had with Lester Reiff, he made one remark that impressed me much. If I am not mistaken, these were his exact words: "I should much like to ride some good winners for Mr. Whitney, as he is such a good master." Well, I think Reiff, Huggins, and Mr. Whitney will win their first Derby, and I have no doubt no one will be better pleased if they do than Lady Meux, who actually owns the Derby favourite. I think Handicapper, on his running in the Two Thousand, is sure to get a place, but I should have liked his chance much better had Halsey been available to ride. The French horse, Jour de Fête, will, I am told, finish in the first three if none the worse for the journey across Channel.

The Skipping-Rope.

My own sons, who have been very successful in school athletics, do a lot of training by skipping-rope, and I mention the fact for the benefit of those jockeys who go in for wasting. Skipping-rope exercise ought to be encouraged. It is an inexpensive form of amusement, and I am not so sure that it would not be found of the highest service to old men with weak understandings. An hour's skipping with a heavy sweater on would fetch the weight off any ordinary jockey. Further, skipping tends to harden the feet, thereby preventing the skipper, in time, from suffering from the leg-weariness that comes from continual walking and running. I should like to see some of the big bookmakers go in for a course of the skipping-rope. Mr. Dick Dunn, for instance, could easily skip himself out of the gout. Why not take the skipping-ropes and skip from the station to the course? This would be a capital idea, and, if followed, it would in time make good walkers of many of the eighteen-stone bookies who now hire a cab to convey them any distance over five hundred yards that has to be covered between the railway-station and the racecourse.

Sloan.

It was rather funny to see Leigh's horses start winning directly after the arrival of Tod Sloan in this country, for, it will be remembered, Sloan rode for Mr. Gardner last year. The latter gentleman once had the honour of driving H.R.H. the Prince of Wales round Baden on his motor-car. Now, our King has several cars of his own, and only the other day he visited Newmarket on a tasty motor. Many people forgot, by-the-by, until it was too late, that Santoi was lent to gallop Codoman before the French colt ran second for the Cambridgeshire. It is not generally known that one Newmarket trainer told Sloan he could make nothing out of Codoman, and added that, in his opinion, the colt was no good. Sloan's reply was typical of the man. He said, "Good or no good, I guess he'll have to win the Cambridgeshire." Well, he just failed to do so, but his performance was a sufficiently good one to prove that Sloan is a masterpiece as a judge of thoroughbreds. I should very much like to know Sloan's opinion of the defeat of Santoi at Ascot, when he rode the winner, Crestfallen, and his brother, Cosh, was on the back of Santoi.

A Grand Old Man.

Doctors die young; so do sporting journalists when they lead fast lives. But those members of the Fourth Estate who practise temperance and get early to bed often exceed the allotted span. The late Mr. Joseph Osborne, whose death

took place last week, at the age of ninety-one, was a remarkable instance of living a life naturally. His wants were few, and even his pleasures were taken seriously. He enjoyed racing simply and solely because he took such a lively interest in the breed and breeding of racehorses. I had not seen the Grand Old Man of the Turf for two years prior to his death. The last time I had a chat with him, he had just run up from Brighton to consult an oculist, and he feared the loss of his sight. But his strong constitution came to his aid, and this little trouble was soon got over. Mr. Osborne was a great authority on horses when I was a boy, and his writings in *Bell's Life* were read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by owners and trainers alike half-a-century back. Mr. Osborne was fond of telling of the horses he had owned. He always, too, delighted to tell of his friendships with racing people of high degree. He was an ornament to sporting journalism.

Internationalism. There appears to have been a little feeling generated on the Turf about the success of foreign horses and foreign jockeys, and the Englishman's boasted love of free trade is evidently departing. For my own part, I say, "Let 'em all come." We have learned something from the success of the Australian horses and American jockeys, and now all we have to do is to fight the foreigners at their own game. One or two of our butcher-jockeys who

meet with more than their fair share of luck argue that, if you cannot beat a jockey, you should lay up alongside his horse and try to frighten him. Some of our trainers, as I have shown, will not put up American jockeys, and the insular prejudices have attacked many others in the same weak spot. In the meanwhile, we see the foreigners maintaining a good average, and this, too, without that ostentation so apparent in some of our flash riders, who wrap themselves in mystery, dealing in winks and nods and whispers, but showing very little real ability in the saddle.

Plungers. To look at some of the plungers, you would not think they possessed the intelligence of any ordinary drayman. As a matter of fact, many of them do not, so far as things in general are concerned. Yet they are able to get good information about horses, and, what is

more, they trade on it to a profit when they have got it. Mr. Charles Hannam is a fine, athletic-looking man, and, indeed, he is a good all-round athlete. What is more, he is very intelligent. Mr. R. Sievier is a man of breeding and education. He is also a good athlete; his favourite game is cricket. Mr. Sievier is a plucky bettor. Mr. W. Sibary is also an intelligent backer, and he knows his way about, too; and Mr. Arthur Cockburn has successfully worked some big commissions.

Future Events.

Kilmarnock II. appears on paper to have a great chance for the Manchester Cup. I am told Mr. George Edwardes thinks Santoi will win the Ascot Gold Cup, but he will have something to take on in that race, and the French horse, Codoman, will take some beating. We shall have a busy Ascot, after all, as the houses in the district have gone off well. The absence of the State Procession may keep some of the sightseers away, but I expect to see as big a crowd as usual, at least, in the Grand Stand Enclosure. I am glad to hear that the racing at Goodwood will this year be a big improvement on any seen there for many years past. The Stewards' Cup is a big dish, but one big dish is not enough to complete a menu, and I hope the long-distance races will yield well in the matter of fields, for the sprint-races with big fields both at Ascot and Goodwood are highly charged with the lottery element. Several horses are being talked about already for the Stewards' Cup, and I am not likely to forget that Little Eva was made favourite for this race once, when she finished down the course.

CAPTAIN COE.



SIR E. CASSELL'S BROWN COLT HANDICAPPER (BY MATCHMAKER—AGNES OSBORNE), WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, AND ONE OF THE FAVOURITES FOR THE DERBY.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

EVEN if London had not been already more than sufficiently handicapped in the matter of gaiety this year, the death of the aged Duchess of Cleveland would have cast a noticeable shadow on Society from the number of families thrown into mourning by that event, not to mention the personal loss and regret caused by this singular woman's decease. As it is, there will be but an addition to the general

so making the eye take the place of the ear. The method must, of course, be learnt from a properly trained teacher who has devoted time and experience to mastering the mechanism of speech. Many such are to be found in London and other large towns, and Miss Pollock's booklet gives a list of addresses which those can obtain who send for it to Simpkin, Marshall, of 32, Paternoster Row, the publishers thereof. If, indeed, as the authoress remarks, there "are thousands of our fellow-countrymen for whom deafness need no longer be deafness if only made aware of the merits of this system," it is surely well worth while to spread abroad the merits of this discovery, which might be made to palliate many an otherwise lonely lot, and bring fresh hope and interest into the lives of persons hitherto more or less cut off from intercourse with their fellow-mortals.

Re-opening the fond subject of chiffons, I find the universal *cri* of Paris is for flat millinery and millinery still more flat, which makes me sorrowful, for it sounds inevitable, and flat-ironed hats and bonnets never can or may be as becoming as those built on what architects call a greater elevation. All who passeth by this way therefore can behold on these pages the verisimilitude of fashion as she is spoke in Gay Lutetia. The black picture-hat of plaited straw and tulle is one of the newest conceits, with its single large French feather. Another hat is of burnt straw, with trimmings of black velvet and a charming garniture of acacia-blossom. This daintily constructed blouse of *crêpe-de-Chine*, with alternate tuckings and lace, is, again, a smart representative of the large family of bodices and blouses which owe their creation to a well-known dressmaker's inventive genius. Perhaps one can add no greater recommendation of her methods and inexpensive though dainty procedure than by mentioning the fact of



[Copyright.]

A SMART PICTURE-HAT.

sombreness of a Season which can be called so only by courtesy or custom, or both. That the Duchess of Cleveland owned a vigorous "mind of her own," even in the early days when she officiated as one of the late Queen's bridesmaids, may be gathered from the following sentences which I have seen in one of her letters written just after the Coronation: "We bridesmaids," she goes on to say, "were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly; and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly, and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, and with so much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey. After the Coronation, we took our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the Treasurer of the Household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn to pieces in the great excitement. The pages were particularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece." This lively description, besides being characteristic of the "lively Lady Wilhelmina" of those days, gives an amusing glimpse of human nature which—as evidenced in the free-fight of His Majesty's faithful Commons at the opening of Parliament lately—remains confessedly ever the same. A demonstration of the deceased Duchess's popularity with young and old was abundantly visible in the numbers of all ages who flocked to the funeral service on Saturday.

A booklet of extreme interest has reached me this week, which is called "Lip-Reading: What it Is and What it Does for the Partially Deaf." Written by Miss Isabel Pollock, a daughter of the late Judge, and confessedly one who knows her subject, since she herself is partially deaf, one cannot even glance through her brochure without realising in some sense what a heaven-sent blessing this method must be to those afflicted with deafness. The Oral system of teaching the totally deaf has, as Miss Pollock points out, been adopted by the London School Board for years. But the world at large knows little of the boon "lip-reading" has been to thousands otherwise cut off from active intercourse with their fellow-creatures. Briefly put, it consists of learning what others say by means of watching the facial muscles of the speaker, and



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING BLOUSE AND HAT.

charming little lace-trimmed French-muslin gowns which can be made to measure at what, considering everything, seems the ridiculous sum of three guineas *tout compris*.

I am a journalist, and, therefore, never read journals—need it be added?—always except on the painful occasions when a visit to the

family dentist becomes a sad necessity. Lately, having had some premonitory pains and prickings, I nerved myself to bear the nerve-searing drilling process, and sallied forth to face the well-known brass door-plate. I found three or four patients in the waiting-room, and three times that number of weekly papers scattered about, every one of which was at least three weeks old. Now, as nothing is more upsetting (always excepting the drill) than stale news to a woman-about-town, I taxed my excellent torturer with the fact later on. "It will never happen again," he said, "after two such touchings-up as I have had to-day. Mark Twain has just left, and the first thing he said on coming in here from the waiting-room was, 'I see by your papers there is a likelihood of war between England and the Transvaal!' So you need really say nothing more."

A clearance sale which will be of special interest to every house-proud matron is that which is going on in the City premises of the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, at 138 and 140, Fenchurch Street, E.C. This sale is occasioned by the removal of the Clark Company from their present warehouse to larger premises, and, as such fine things and superfine things as plate and silver ware do not improve by removal, the Company has decided to get rid of its stock at such prices as will ensure its speedy annexation by an appreciative public. I have seen a cream-jug, for example, marked down to 15s. 6d., the ordinary price of which would be nearly double; large-size cabinet-frames for 13s. 6d., usually retailed at 25s.; flower-vases, eight inches in height, for 29s. 3d., the ordinary price being 45s.—and so on indefinitely. The present sale is quite an occasion for overhauling and replenishing the silver-closet.

M. Michel de Sicard gave the third of three successful violin recitals at the Steinway Hall on Saturday, the 25th inst., to a crowded and appreciative audience. All that the Paris papers have said in praise of this young artist has been amply endorsed in London.

The opening night of the Opera gave occasion for quite an outburst of entertaining, and, from the number of dinner- and supper-parties in swing, it would seem as if people were glad of the opportunity for returning, even partially, to the normal aspect of Season gaieties. The Cecil Restaurant, which is now under the famous direction of the "only Paillard," beloved of Parisian *bons viveurs*, made an especially gay and smart appearance. Mrs. George Batten had a party, so had Mr. Charles Wyndham, at whose table were Lord and Lady Hothfield, and Miss Mary Moore looked delightfully young and pretty in turquoise and diamonds. Mrs. Ronalds was in black, and Lady Lepel Griffin in white. Mrs. von André, Lady Alwyne Compton, Mr. James Tanqueray, the

inevitable Mr. Gillette, Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, wearing beautiful diamonds; Lord Carrington, Mrs. La Trobe Bate-man, Colonel Villiers, at whose table were Sir Lepel and Lady Griffin; Lord and Lady Craven, Mrs. and Miss Dalzell, Captain "Ossy" Ames, Lord Buchan, with two pretty daughters, Lady Jeune and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and Lord Rosslyn were amongst the gay throng, which was further enlivened by the Roumanian Band which has become such a feature of the Cecil Restaurant. Miss Muriel Wilson and Mrs. Errington were also amongst the pretty women present, and "young men-about-town" were represented by Mr. Henry Stonor, Mr. Gerald Paget, and Mr. Herbert Praed. Altogether, Society was freely represented.—SYBIL.



PORTRAIT-BUST OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

FRESH BANK SCANDALS.

PUBLIC confidence in Germany (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) has been suffering greatly during the last few days. In addition to the scandalous revelations some months ago, when a banker who, as was believed, possessed the Emperor's highest confidence, and was reputed to be the most liberal and charitable man in the capital, was ignominiously taken off in a cab to the police-station on a charge of swindling, two more Bank Directors, named respectively Schultze and Romeick, were similarly treated on Saturday, May 18, on the charge of presenting an unsatisfactory report to the shareholders on the moneys in their possession. The Pomeranian Mortgage Bank, at the head of which these two Directors stood, had, it appears now, been for a long time in a most critical situation. I am informed by a most reliable authority (adds *The Sketch* Correspondent) that still more will shortly come to light respecting the manner of business of this Mortgage Bank which will not conduce towards re-establishing the confidence of the public at large in banks. Despite the fact that the arrested Directors have offered enormous security, no bail has been allowed.

DUELLING IN MAYENCE.

Two officers, named Vogt and Richter, fought a long, stern duel at Mayence the other day. No fewer than four doctors were present at the duel; thirteen shots were interchanged, with the result that Richter received a shot in the shoulder, while Vogt was wounded only slightly. The cause for this outburst of hostilities between the two young officers appears to be found in the fact that Lieutenant Vogt went out riding rather too often with Lieutenant Richter's wife. It does not say much for the shooting of the German Army when, after thirteen shots—and in a really serious duel—two officers succeed in wounding each other only once respectively, and that slightly.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE KAISER.

The German Emperor appears (adds my Berlin representative) to have taken umbrage at the constant appearance of himself in the various periodicals which appear every week in Berlin. "The Kaiser on horse-back," "The Kaiser walking," "The Kaiser talking to So-and-So," are the phrases to be read nearly every day under this or that photograph or drawing after all and every public function. His Majesty has, therefore, given directions to his military attendants to be more careful in the future as to whom they allow in His Majesty's proximity. This will be a sad blow to especially two popular weekly illustrated papers here. The Kaiser's example in this direction seems to be catching, for his little son, Prince Joachim, when staying with his mother at Baden-Baden, on noticing an amateur photographer attempting to snapshot him, went up to the stranger and said, in an amusingly imperious way, "I won't have it! I don't like it!" whereupon the stranger retired very discomfited.

SOME OLD MASTERS AT COLNAGHI'S.

Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. are showing a collection of rare works by English and Dutch painters in aid of the Princess of Wales's Special Appeal Fund for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Several noblemen and others have contributed, and among the remarkable works may be noted two Gainsboroughs, "Mrs. Elliott" and "Mrs. Gore"; Sir Joshua's "Marquis of Titchfield" and "Frances Harris"—a pretty child with a dog; the fine Romney, "John Wharton Tempest with his Favourite Pony," and Hoppner's famous "Miranda," as well as other works by this artist. Examples of the younger Teniers, Van Ostade, Van Ruysdael, Van der Helst, and Van Kerlen are also included, the two last-named being represented by admirable portraits. The show is small, but, to revive an affected phrase now half-forgotten, "distinctly precious."

PORTRAIT-MODELS OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Goldsmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, at the request of several of their patrons, have decided to produce a portrait-bust of the late and deeply lamented Queen in silver and bronze. Only a limited number will be moulded, and we have pleasure in giving an idea of the memento, which appears to us to be not only in the best style of art, but also thoroughly sympathetic in feeling.

EPSOM RACES, THE "DERBY" AND "OAKS."

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station near the Grand Stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

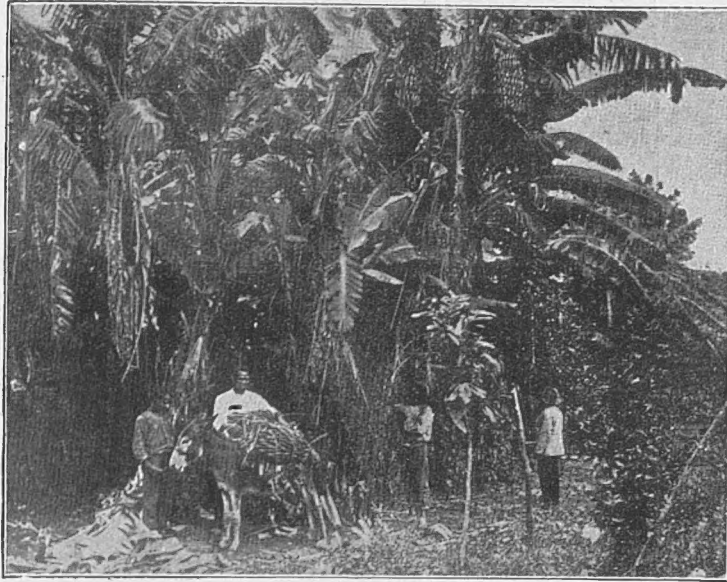
Miss Ruby Forbes (who made a good impression in Mr. Benson's company at the Comedy) was portrayed in last week's *Sketch*, but the name inadvertently given under the portrait was that of Miss Ruby Foster. We regret the mistake was made, and wish Miss Ruby Forbes every success in her profession.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 12.

YANKEES.

THE Yankee Market returned from its Whitsun holidays still in a subdued frame of mind. To account for this, the imminence of another Settlement was largely responsible, and there was also a haunting fear that some of the Northern Pacific bears might fail to get out of the wood, after all. Their release, however, is only a matter of time. What really matters is whether business in Yankees has been



PICKING BANANAS.

scotched by the recent gamble or not. Members of the Stock Exchange tell us that many of their clients are asking what are the cheapest things to buy in Americans after the shake-out. They say that these clients are apparently callous of the risks that the late boom has proved they run, and, under these circumstances, what is the use of telling people not to buy such rank gambles as Eries or Readings?

United States Steel Corporation securities have now taken a recognised place in the share-list, and are becoming a very favourite medium for speculation. The Common shares stand in the neighbourhood of 45, the Preferred being 95. These last carry a dividend of 7 per cent., and the denomination of both classes is one hundred dollars. Why the Common stock should have been introduced to the market at such a discount is a mystery to many, but it is, perhaps, not generally known that participants in the Steel Trust were paid partly in these Common shares at \$5 dollars, or 65 discount. As regards the chances of the Common, the outlook is, of course, highly speculative, but the Preferred shares at anything under par are a desirable investment, of their class. One does not expect to get 7 per cent. on one's money without taking some risk.

Another and a better security is Atchison Preferred stock. The shares fell in the panic to 94, but have since rallied to par, and, as a 5 per cent. investment, they cannot be called dear. The interest, however, is non-cumulative. That antique talk about a dividend on Erie First Preference is, of course, to the front again, but we shall expect a distribution when we see it. The shares, like most other Americans, are clique-controlled, and the purchaser must put his head into the lion's mouth in the full knowledge of the fact.

THE MINING MARKETS.

It would take so slight a breath of buying in the Kaffir Circus to bring about a boomlet that we wonder at its not being at least attempted. The public are quite willing to buy South Africans if only someone would give them a lead; but the big houses hold aloof from the market, and, beyond absorbing all lines of shares that come in for sale, are doing nothing. Some lively dealing is taking place in the twin Barnato companies—Consols and "Johnnies"; those who bought the former on our recommendation at 5s. cheaper might take their profit on half the shares and keep the remainder of their holding. Apex, another of our constant themes for a rise, have responded, and just peeped over the other side of 8, relapsing a trifle immediately afterwards; but we see no reason why these need be sold, notwithstanding the profit which has accrued to those who bought when we first mentioned them.

Now that the Whitsun holidays are over, Rhodesians stand perhaps a better chance of a rise than Kaffirs themselves. To some extent, no doubt, the coming summer holiday season will restrict enterprise in this department; but, as we pointed out last week, the country is doing very well, considering the dislocation of affairs caused by the Transvaal hostilities. We have nothing to add to the suggestions we made in our last Notes.

There are many who think that the clearing-up of the Rossland and Kootenay Special Settlements must result in a rally amongst British Columbian shares. The idea is well founded, and, if Rosslands can

keep between 8 and 3½ with all the horrors of a catastrophe suspended over them, they should certainly be worth more once the market resumes its normal attitude. Kootenays, of course, move with their elder brother. Some animation may be looked for in this market, and we think there is an equal likelihood of West Africans waking up as soon as the current Account is fairly settled. The Stock Exchange, it must be remembered, was sorely shaken by its Yankee experience, from the effects of which it will take more than one fortnight to thoroughly recover.

JAMAICA.

The spirited efforts now being made to re-create the export fruit—and particularly banana—trade of Jamaica are directing considerable attention to that Colony. From the samples of fruit which are coming to our shores every week, it seems fair to predict a rapidly growing demand on behalf of the public. Jamaica is slowly turning the long lane of hopelessness which she entered upon a few years ago, and enterprising capitalists are making the most of the native industries. Of these, sugar-cane and banana growing are among the best known, and, by the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Rhodes, we are enabled to give some pictorial idea of the way in which the banana is picked and loaded. The steamship service is under the energetic management of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., who have quite recently acquired an important hotel at Kingston in addition to their other Jamaican interests.

BROKEN HILL.

Our Correspondent on the Barrier sends us the following letter, showing the effect of the fall in value of lead and zinc upon the mines. We thought many tons of lead had been expended in South Africa for each man killed, but the effect on prices is not what might have been hoped for.

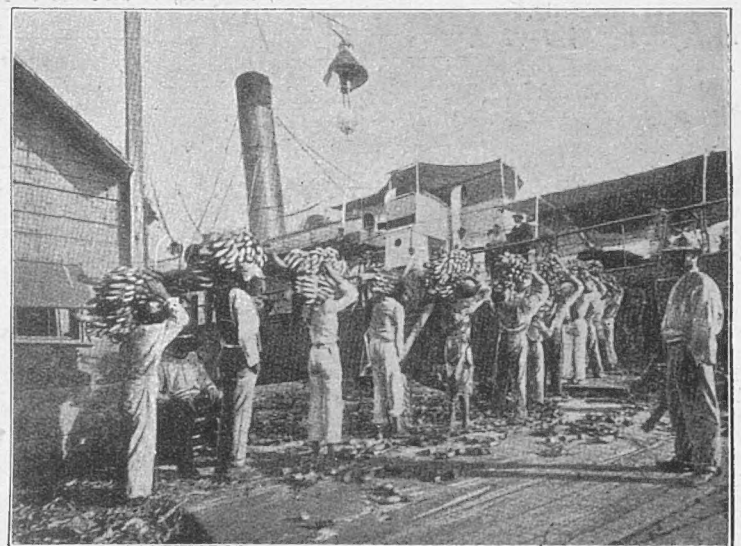
Broken Hill; April 15, 1901.

I have delayed this letter somewhat, hoping that I should have been able to paint the position in brighter colours; but my hopes have been doomed to disappointment. Lead has steadily fallen, until to-day it is quoted at £12 8s. 9d. per ton; spelter has followed suit, and silver has also receded a little. As a result, the situation, locally, is rather black. Two mines have shut down; on another the mill is running only two shifts (and eighty men have been discharged); on nearly all the others most attention is being paid to the richer ores. But, should the slump in lead values continue, two other mines, I am afraid, will have to take a holiday.

Working in the oxidised zone, the mines could pay their way with lead at £9 per ton. They did so. And Managers thought that the sulphide zone could be made to pay at very little more. But, since the crisis has come, they one and all discover that, to take the ore as it comes, nothing under £13 or £13 10s. will return a profit. Of course, by working on the richer ores—the friable and the smelting sorts—a margin of profit can be won, but the policy of "picking the eyes out" of a mine is an unwise one, and has been too often proved so. The Junction is a case in point. The hard zinciferous ores, mixed with rhodonite, are the stumbling-block.

The Junction was the first mine to put up the shutters. For one reason, the Directors were not averse to the break, as it allowed the completion of the re-treatment plant, from which much was expected. The plant has been erected, and is working splendidly. Its object is to treat the tailings, of which a hundred thousand tons are dumped on the surface. It does what is required of it well, leaving a residue worth only 3 per cent. lead, 2 oz. silver, and 3 per cent. zinc. If the mine were working as usual, the plant would require only four extra men per shift, and the concentrates produced would be highly profitable. But, as it is, it requires a full staff (for very little other work is being done—only about 100 tons of smelting ore are being raised per week for direct export), and will not pay with lead under £13. So, unless the slump lightens, the machinery may cease running.

The other closed-down mine is the Junction North, my advices regarding which have for long been the reverse of flattering. In some unaccountable way, this Company lost £9000 during the six months ending December. Where this money has gone the balance-sheet and Directors' reports fail to show.



SHIPPING BANANAS.

Presumably, it is contained in the tailings. Anyway, the management of the Directors has been the reverse of first-class; and, as a wind-up, they have forced the Company into voluntary liquidation with a view to reconstruction. The old Company had a "capital" of £300,000, but only £17,500 was paid up; the new Company is to have a "capital" of £130,000, of which £16,250 is to be called up right away and £32,500 left to the future if required. The difference is paper

capital merely. The Directors, in their scheme, altogether wipe out the old shares, and shareholders, unless they take up the new, get no consideration whatever. Holders are furious at this arrangement, but, as the management clique carry a majority of the scrip, the proposal is bound to pass. What, under the circumstances, the Directors should have done was to offer the mine to the North Company. Nature intended the two properties to be one.

Block 14 discharged eighty of its hands, and is running its mill two-thirds time only. Should lead not improve, a further reduction may be necessary. In the meantime, work underground is confined to the richer stopes.

While at the northern end of the line of lode this disagreeable state of things exists, at the southern end the mines are putting up records in the way of mill outputs. The Proprietary, Block 10, Central (Sulphide Corporation), and South are doing work in some respects superior to ordinary. Working the richer ground is, of course, the reason; the crudes that go to the mill are of higher metal value. The South in one week put through 2264 tons of crudes for 572 tons of concentrates; Block 10 3340 tons for 635 tons; the Central 4751 tons for 917 tons. The Central's 917 tons assayed 63.46 per cent. lead, 28.90 oz. silver, and 9.76 per cent. zinc per ton. During the same week the Cooke Creek smelters' (also the property of the Corporation) output was 386 tons lead, 313 oz. gold, and 21,251 oz. silver.

The North Mine should keep step and step with the mines just mentioned, but doesn't. Below-ground the mine is one of the richest along the line, but the mill fails to do the work required. There are, of course, reasons for this, which it were not wise to place on paper. However, the cause is known to the Directors, and a remedy may soon follow. In the meantime, fair progress is being made with the erection of the new mill. The South's new mill is also nearing completion.

Naturally, with spelter (zinc) so low, not so much direct attention is being paid just now to that portion of the "sulphide problem." A problem no longer, although it is still spoken of as such. But the Australian Metal Company's expert is still devoting much time to working out "points," and with such success that he expects to shortly be in a position to make an important announcement. The Central's German-designed plant is also well under way, and on the Proprietary the Odling Magnetic Separator is doing fair experimental work. The Proprietary's big plant, the Koehler-Carmichael, should see the light of day in the near future. Report says that good progress is being made with the construction of machinery in England, and that some of it should arrive under the next three months. The plant will be erected at Port Pirie, where the Company's smelters are. By the way, the Proprietary recently sold 5000 tons of concentrates to the Australian Metal Company. The same Company's (Proprietary) Coke Works at Bellambi are proceeding; most of the machinery is up.

Of the other mines, the British is going on as usual, but is suffering much from the slump. A week's recent work gave the small profit of £230 (about). This is too small a margin. On Block 16 sinking was discontinued at 74 feet below the 300-foot plat sheets, but water was then making freely, an excellent sign. Prospecting work will be resumed as soon as possible. Nothing fresh has occurred at the Consols, though Manager Sweet reports shipping 40,000 oz. of silver recently. He is prospecting still in the lower levels; the hardness of the country makes progress very slow. Work on the South Blocks reveals a lode 372 feet long by 24 feet wide, so far as has been tested. Neither the full width nor length has yet been proved. This and the South Extended adjoining have a good future. Machinery has been erected on the White Leads and Victoria; at the latter the pumps have been started, so real work will soon follow.

On Block 10, by the way, the sinking of a new shaft has been commenced; the present two shafts have not been too healthy lately.

In spite of the position, the aggregate output of the field for the past three months has not fallen off much. Crudes show a decrease of £20,000; but concentrates and slimes both show good increases. The total decrease is only £4000. The exact figures are—

	First Quarter 1900.	First Quarter 1901.
Copper (crude)	£1,443	£940
Silver-lead (crude)	85,069	63,008
Silver-lead (concentrates) ...	390,248	395,223
Silver-lead (slimes)	3,236	16,746
	£479,996	£475,917

It is solely the lead market that has caused the Barrier to "feel sick" for the past four months. Let that but improve—as to whether it will or not, we at this end are in entire ignorance—and the life the field will show will astonish most people. No one believes that the fall from £18 to £12 7s. 6d. (last week's price) is genuine, but what caused that fall we can only conjecture. A genuine value appears to us here to be about £15 10s. Anything above that is an inflation: anything below—well, a real Broken Hill opinion is not for cold print. The cursing would not be so severe were only silver and spelter higher, but history doesn't tell of a prior time when all three products were so low at the one time. My word to holders of Broken Hill is, however, to still hold. It will come again shortly.

Friday, May 24, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

NEW ZEALAND.—We have answered your letter and sent you a book, which we hope will be what you want.

A. R. Y. B. W.—The name and address of the brokers were sent to you on the 20th inst.

F. G.—You are the fifth correspondent who has written to us about these people. The case is a peculiar one, and we are afraid you will be able to do nothing except prove in the liquidation for your cover. The solicitor's address was sent on the 23rd inst.

MARGOT.—Policies of Life Assurance have a surrender value which the office will generally lend up to; if you want to borrow more, you can probably manage it by getting the premiums guaranteed by two sureties, but hardly without. We really do not know any firm which makes this business a speciality, but consult any respectable solicitor.

T. C.—Your letter was answered on the 20th inst. Further inquiry inclines us to think the mine is fairly promising and that you may reasonably hold for a time as a speculation.

IGNORANT.—We think Gas Light and Coke is a very good stock to hold for a rise, while yielding fair interest.

A. J. R.—The concern you ask about is too young for any reliable news. All we know is what we read in the Prospectus. It would not be good enough for our money; but, then, we do not believe in the Jungle. Present price of shares is $\frac{1}{2}$ discount to par, with next to no market.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays, we have to go to press a day earlier than usual. Correspondents who are not answered will kindly excuse us on this account.

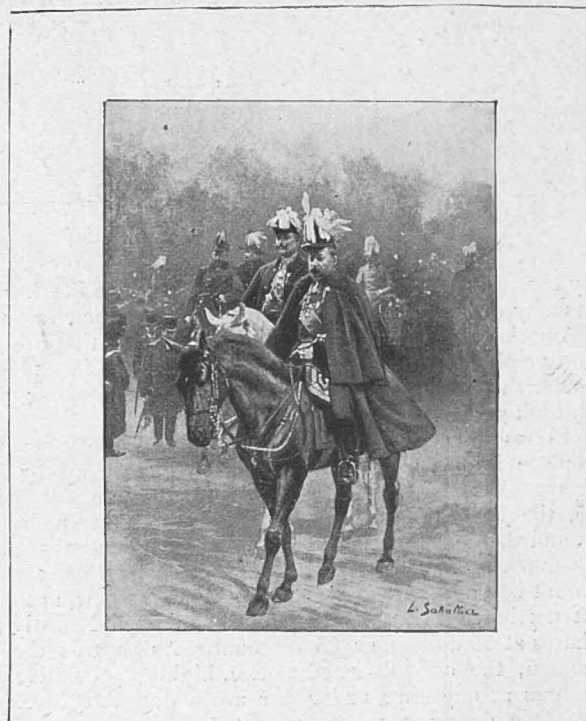
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

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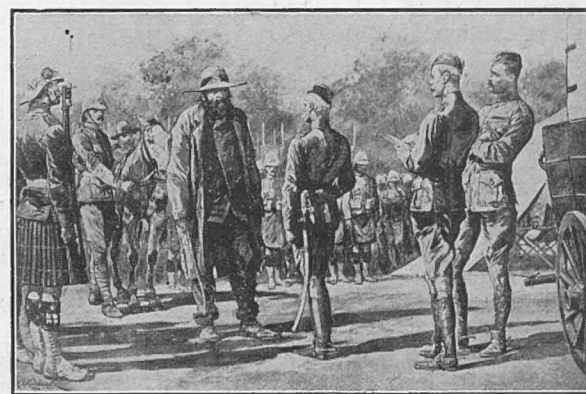
QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST DRIVE AT OSBORNE.

This small Photogravure from the Painting made by Mr. S. Begg at Osborne is now ready. Size, with mount, 24 by 18 inches, price 5s.; 200 Artist's Proofs at 10s. 6d. each.



KING EDWARD VII. AND THE KAISER, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

Photogravures now ready, from the Painting by L. Sabattier, price 10s. 6d. each; size with margin, 22 in. by 30 in. Artist's Proofs, limited to 200, £1 1s. each.



THE SURRENDER OF CRONJÉ TO LORD ROBERTS.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville of the Sketch by our Special Correspondent, Frederick Villiers. Photogravures, 10s. 6d. each; size with mount, 38 by 28 inches. No proofs left.

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S GREAT PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Subscribers to the Photogravures from this Painting will be interested to learn that the first proof has been passed by M. Benjamin-Constant, and that he endorsed it with the remark, "Cette épreuve est magnifique, rien à retoucher."